

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION AT THIS OFFICE:

THE PORTRAIT IN MY UNCLE'S DINING-ROOM. *From the French.*
 HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II. By Mrs. Oliphant. These very interesting and valuable sketches of Queen Caroline, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, The Young Chevalier, Pope, John Wesley, Commodore Anson, Bishop Berkeley, Hume, Richardson, and Hogarth, which have already appeared in the *LIVING AGE*, reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, will be issued from this office, in book form.

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IN SORROW.

When thou art sorrowful, and cares around
 Crowd fast upon the steps of happier days;
 When thou believ'st e'en brightest things can
 lend
 The saddest echo to the gayest lays —
 As men of old were fed with angels' food,
 Go, seek thy remedy in doing good.

When those to thee the dearest shall have died,
 And each fresh day grow weary to thine eyes;
 When every hope that others build upon
 Comes to thy senses with a sad surprise —
 Take up the burden of another's grief;
 Learn from another's pain thy woe's relief.

Mourner, believe that sorrow may be bribed
 With tribute from the heart, nor sighs nor
 tears,
 But nobler sacrifice — of helping hands,
 Of cheering smiles, of sympathetic ears,
 Oft have the saddest words the sweeter
 strain;
 In angels' music let thy soul complain.

Then Grief shall stand with half-averted foot
 Upon the threshold of a brighter day;
 And Hope shall take her sweetly by the hand,
 And both kneel down with Faith to meekly
 pray.
 Lifted from earth, Peace shall immortalize
 The heart that its own anguish purifies.
 Chambers' Journal.

A FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

SEE Winter's van, with blazoned banners flying,
 Sweep o'er the forest, mountain, plain and dell;
 The drooping flowers and breezes sadly sighing,
 To Summer bid farewell.

Blithe morns! that scattered joys, though oft re-
 peated,
 Still ever new as at creation's dawn;
 By thousand glad harmonious voices greeted
 From grove and dewy lawn.

Still noons! when e'en the aspen ceased to quiver,
 And honey-sated lay the slumb'ring bee;
 Amid whose silence faintly lisped the river,
 Translucent to the sea.

Eves! when fond lovers paced the terraced alley—
 Where, through the twilight, gleamed the lus-
 trous flowers;
 And birds, within the leaf-enshrouded valley,
 Sang from dim violet bowers.

Nights! when the starry clusters slowly thickened
 To the full structure of heav'n's golden maze;
 Nights! whose cool breath the stretching land-
 scape quickened,
 Veiled in a moonlit haze.

Farewell! Amid your dimmed and scattered
 treasures,
 Queen of the year, your lovers sigh adieu!
 Farewell! till with your pure, health-giving
 pleasures,
 Earth's pulse shall throb anew.
 Chambers' Journal.

ECHO AND SILENCE.

BY SIR ROBERT BRYDGES.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
 And Autumn in her lap the stores to strew,
 As mid wild scenes the Muse I chanced to woo
 Through glens untrod and woods that frown'd
 on high;
 Two sleeping Nymphs, with wonder mute, I spy—
 And lo! she's gone — in robe of dark green hue.
 'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew:
 For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky.

In shade affrighted Silence melts away —
 Not so her sister — hark! for onward still
 With far-heard step she takes her hasty way,
 Bounding from rock to rock and hill to hill.
 Ah! mark the merry maid, in mockful play,
 With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest
 fill!

PREPARING GRAIN FOR PANIFICATION. — A
 French patentee proposes to manufacture bread
 on a large scale from wheat without any inter-
 mediate grinding process, claiming that thereby
 all the nutriment contained in the grain is re-
 tained, and that while the best processes at pre-
 sent employed give one hundred and twelve
 pounds of bread to one hundred of grain he can
 increase the product fully thirty-three per cent.
 The wheat is first soaked in water, whereby all
 impurities and defective grain can be removed.
 The charge is then thrown into revolving cylin-
 ders having rasp-like projections on the interior,
 whereby the outside pellicle, which is the colour-
 ing principle of the grain, is removed. Two
 hundred parts of a fermenting liquor, made by
 mixing ten per cent. of fermenting dough with
 water at sixty-eight degrees to every one hun-
 dred parts of the grain, is added and allowed to
 work for eight hours, when the mass is reduced
 to paste by passing between rollers, is salted and
 kneaded and proceeded with as usual.

PHOTOGRAPHING COLOURS. — The last method
 employed for attaining this much coveted art
 was briefly announced to the French Academy
 at a late sitting by M. Cros. His plan seems to
 be to successively illuminate the object with the
 different portions of the spectrum. The speci-
 mens exhibited were highly praised, but the de-
 tails of the process are not made public.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE BATTLE OF THE PHILOSOPHIES—
PHYSICAL AND METAPHYSICAL.

THE object of this paper is to call attention to a remarkable and critical phase, now presenting itself in that great battle of Philosophies, which has lasted ever since man began to use and systematize thought.

It is indeed true that here, as in all other cases, the very fact of conflict implies defective conception of truth as a whole, and undue assertion of its special parts. The fault lies not in the Philosophies, but in their adherents. That the two lines of thought, to which, for at least some two thousand years, the names "Physical" and "Metaphysical" have been given, must have many points of contact, must interpenetrate and materially affect each other, is obvious and inevitable, while body and soul are united in ourselves, and our world is made up of things and persons without. The main principles, which are involved in them, are so essentially different that they cannot be identified, or even made coincident; nor can either frame its theory of life and of the universe, without recognizing the existence, or asserting the non-existence, of the other. It is, therefore, clear that the first efforts of systematic thought must be to determine their natural relations and their actions one upon the other. Still, as there is in Nature a perfect union and harmonious action of the two elements of being to which they refer, so in the relations and mutual action of the two lines of thought themselves, there ought to be no real antagonism. But, as a matter of fact, antagonism in various degrees there always has been. For there is a long debateable frontier, which has no unquestionable barrier marked out by the hand of Nature; and, if fortresses are raised to form an artificial barrier, experience teaches us that they themselves become objects of contention, always liable to be undermined or stormed from the one side or the other.

All this is clear and obvious enough; but it is perhaps worth while to direct attention to the two chief causes which incline each party, not merely to "rectify the frontier," but to pass it, and penetrate deeply into the region which lies beyond.

The first arises from the well-known fact

that Physical Philosophy is at every step dependent on our mental processes, and is, therefore, for its own sake, forced to contemplate, and, in some degree, to investigate the philosophy of mind. Its objects are material and external to us; yet, strictly speaking, Physical Philosophy has nothing to do with these objects in themselves; but (as every discussion on space and time clearly shows) it has to consider the appearances which they present to us, the relations in which we are obliged to view them. Its favourite term "phenomena" expresses this fact; the very conception of what it calls a "law" is a thing purely relative to our own perceptions. Avowedly, then, it presses the mind into its service; but, having used that service, it is laudably eager to return the obligation. Men observe what are the processes of mind in the sphere of physical investigation, and assume that these, and these only, display its whole power of operation in every sphere—that, for example, because the primary impressions in the physical department are those of sense, therefore no primary impressions in any other department are capable of being referred to any other process—that because Induction is supposed to be the only fruitful method of procedure in Physics, therefore no other method can lead to truth and bear fruit in other spheres of experience.

I do not mean that these inferences are openly made, or consciously recognized by those who make them. If they were, their arbitrariness would be seen, and their tendency to produce error destroyed. Their very danger lies in their tacit and half-conscious acceptance. Nor do I deny that they represent a not unrighteous retaliation. In the earliest days, at least of European philosophy, the mind was the aggressor, transferring its own purely intellectual conceptions to the realm of external fact; projecting its own shadow (to use a well-known simile) till it seemed to form a gigantic figure, spanning the great, physical gulf, on which the mists of ignorance lay. Those, for example, who remember the old Greek argument, that the heavenly bodies must move in circles, for that all things in Nature must be perfect, and the circle is the perfect figure, will recognize in this

such an invasion of the realm of matter by a purely relative conception of mind. And with such outrageous instances of proceeding *per saltum*, Bacon has taught us to make merry, till we almost forget our intellectual debt to the bold generalizations of the Greek philosophers of old. But in our own days the tide of invasion has been rolled back, and the victorious legions of Physical Investigation, marshalled under the banner of Baconian induction, quietly march on as to a "Seven days' war," an already foretasted victory, not denying, but calmly ignoring any processes of mind and any truths discernible by them, except those which they themselves have pressed into their service.

Against such encroachment we are (I think) bound to protest in the interests of truth, undazzled by the brilliant achievements of Physical Philosophy in its own sphere, which beget a feeling of wonder, if not of awe, at the work of the past, and an almost infinite expectation in regard to the prospects of the future. Waiving all controversy as to the value of the impressions of the senses in the Physical sphere — granting, for the sake of argument, that the inductive method, with its processes of observation, abstraction, and generalization, is the only true method in every path of discovery — still we must assert that the ultimate facts in the Metaphysical line of thought, on which the whole reasoning is based, may be discovered by other processes than that of sense, and refuse to limit the sphere of trustworthy experiences to the outer world.

Another cause which leads, if not to collision, at least to interference of these two kinds of thought, arises from a fact which no philosopher can either deny or ignore, the fact that neither of these lines of thought is self-contained and self-sufficing. Both lead us inevitably to a deeper question — to the knowledge or the denial of a God.

It is (I think) absolutely impossible for any length of time to contemplate the material universe without seeking some answer to the question of its First Cause, whether that First Cause be a creator, or a chaotic whirl guided by some impersonal force. For a time indeed philosophy may rightly hesitate; it may protest, as Bacon did,

against leaping to an ultimate conclusion, impatient of the slow, gradual processes, which alone give solidity and permanence to human progress. But I do not conceive that it will ever be availing to do what, if I conceive it aright, Comtism appears to do, viz., to protest against any speculation as to cause or object; to denounce any projection of the soul into the past or the future; to content ourselves with organizing the present, careless how it was first originated, or to what end it shall be brought ere it ceases to be. The true physicists must protest — in fact they do protest — against this negative result, dignified by the name of Positivism. In proportion as Physical Science is really scientific and not mechanical, aiming at true knowledge rather than production of material things, it must inevitably ask the final question, which in so many forms it is asking now.

But what is true of the realm of matter is still more true of the realm of mind. It is impossible to be content with the first appearances which the study of man presents. Who can accept the semblance of countless diversities, of a thousand isolated sources of action, at best partially harmonized? Who can avoid asking for some one source of human life, and some common intellectual and moral substratum on which these individual differences are built? It seems impossible even in our view of the present; but still more impossible when that view is enlarged and deepened by the recollections of the past, and the forecastings of the future. Nor, except for a time, can this craving be met by the mere science of averages, and the consequent discovery of the formulas of regularity, which we now call "Laws." They tell us much of method, nothing of cause; much of direction and regularity of plan, nothing of the ultimate source. Here, again, we must seek some great First Cause, which can hardly seem impersonal to one who has grasped — as the metaphysical student must at least think that he has grasped — a conception of the essential superiority of spirit to matter.

Now, this inevitable tendency existing, it is sufficiently clear *à priori* that these two lines of thought must in some degree converge. The very existence of Religion and

Theology, regarded only as phenomena of human history, proves that they do; for there is hardly a single form of Religion which does not identify, with more or less distinctness, the First Cause of the spiritual and material worlds. But since they proceed, as all convergents must proceed, from opposite quarters and by different processes, it is perhaps inevitable that there should be apparent opposition, even collision, between them — that in their reasonings upon Theology, either to support or to deny it, each line of thought may tend to ignore the individuality of the other, to assert that its rival must advance by the same path, which is familiar to itself, or else that it does not, and cannot, advance at all. Every one is familiar with the intrusion of conceptions of Divine Action, derived from the analogy of the human mind, into the Theory of Creation, Production, Dissolution of the Universe. Doubtless much "Natural Theology" is open to the reproach of such intrusion, if it declares its results as demonstrably true and complete at every step. But it is at least equally certain that reasonings on the Divine Action, as *e.g.* in the *à priori* question of Miracles, which altogether ignore the existence of Will, and insist on limiting that action within formulas of Physical Regularity, are justly liable to the charge of encroaching on the realm of spirit, and ignoring, in fact, its independent existence altogether.

Both these causes, added to the imperious desire for logical coherence and unity, which has been called not unfairly in the intellectual sphere, "the last infirmity of noble minds," tend to produce that "Battle of the Two Philosophies" of which a new and striking phase is presented to us at the present moment, when we are in all directions political, social, ecclesiastical, awaking to the need and fruitfulness of ideas, and resolving to be no longer content with machinery and secondary principles.

The object of this paper is to enter a protest on behalf of Metaphysical against Physical Philosophy, chiefly on a ground which appeals to the interest of all — a desire to vindicate the weak and the oppressed.

I venture to think that in England at the present day Physical Philosophy is encroaching on a domain which is not its own, and

that it is, therefore, becoming what we call "Materialism," *i.e.*, as I understand the word, not a study of that which is Material, but the desire to make all things Material — to ignore any distinction of kind between mind and matter, and, by a natural conclusion, to obliterate the great distinction between right and necessity.

This encroachment is due partly to the extraordinary advance and vitality of Physical Science in England. The great direction given to thought by Bacon has never been reversed; it has led in many of his disciples to a narrowing of all interest to Physical objects, against which he must have vehemently protested; it has achieved results (as, for example, in the magic of the new spectrum analysis, or the older discovery of a new planet, not by the telescope, but by the keener vision of abstract reasoning), which have gone beyond the fancies of the New Atlantis. Its own domains have become too narrow for it; in the very intoxication of triumph it chafes, *infelix limite mundi*. Hitherto there has been a region denied to it, a supposed difference between spirit and matter, which barred its path. Now it seems but a question of time how soon that region shall be overrun, and that barrier undermined, by the subtle power of analysis.

The very fact that Physical Science is becoming more truly philosophic and less mechanical, tends to quicken the march of encroachment at the present time. Few adherents of Physical Science would now be content to rest its claims on the merely utilitarian ground, which was taken by Lord Macaulay in his brilliant Essay on Bacon. It is felt that the extent and value of material results are no adequate or even just test of the scientific excellence of any invention or discovery. In the Inaugural Address at the last meeting of the British Association, the place of honour was given, and most justly given, to investigations which had for their object pure abstract knowledge of the system of the universe, whether by analyzing, through the spectrum, the composition of the heavenly bodies, and ascertaining their mutual approach or recession; or by dredging at the bottom of the Atlantic, to trace the gradations of organic life, and test the continuance of the processes

by which the old geological strata were formed. If the recognition of scientific merit by Government was claimed on the ground of the "benefit received from the labours of scientific men, even in a pecuniary point of view," it was evidently only an *argumentum ad hominem*, addressed to a Chancellor of the Exchequer. So again, the advocacy of Physical Science as a branch of public teaching, is generally based more on its value as a part of liberal education, rather than on its utilitarian results; and the old fallacy that knowledge about things materially useful was exclusively or principally "useful knowledge," is banished from all argument which deserves the name.

In the interest of true philosophy in general, and of Physical Science itself, we must rejoice at the change, seeing the nobility which it gives to physical investigation, and believing that utilitarian interests will not suffer but gain by the introduction of higher aims. But it is not difficult to see that it must tend to wider generalizations, to a greater craving for abstract unity and logical coherence of system; it is almost impossible not to anticipate that these tendencies will arm Physical Science with greater boldness of self-assertion, and make her more impatient of a "sister near the throne."

But this progress of Physical Philosophy is aided in no small degree by the division of the Metaphysicians among themselves into the sensuous and ideal schools. They are at issue on the very processes of mind, on the ultimate standards of Truth and Morality. The strife seems "never ending, still beginning;" it raged in the days of Locke and Berkeley; it rages now in the schools of Mill and Hamilton. And, meanwhile, the antagonistic power is advancing, and contrasting the fruitless strifes of Metaphysicians with the steady progress and the accumulated treasures of its own Philosophy. Not that it is quite indifferent; under the guise of serene and complacent impartiality, it aids, by a true instinct, one party in the strife, by presenting a sphere in which the sensuous school seems to have it all its own way, and so seeming to prove that its process of investigation is fruitful, and its theory of knowledge is the true one. No one can present a bold front to the invader until he has meditated in the metaphysical strife, recognized (as I believe Coleridge did to our incalculable benefit) the truths which lie in the assertions of each disputant, and are not truly irreconcilable with each other. I am not sure whether he might not with advantage cross the frontier, and show how, even in Physical Investiga-

tion, Idealism has its place, and its unseen, unacknowledged share in many of the great triumphs of discovery. But, meanwhile, no one, I think, can doubt that this division, and the apparently barren controversies which proceed from it, tend to throw much of the intellectual strength and ardour of the age into the career of Physical Discovery.

But, perhaps, it may be well contended that this advance of Physical Science is even more effectually aided by its congeniality to the habits of the English mind. Derive them from what source we will — race, circumstances, climate, history — these intellectual peculiarities are most clearly and strongly marked. We delight to trace them in our neighbours. Every one knows and laughs at the description of the Englishman, the Frenchman, and the German, who set out by their different paths to describe a camel. We smile at the Frenchman who was content to spend two hours in the Jardin des Plantes, and had his thesis, clear, brilliant, and superficial, ready by the next morning, as a complete investigation to which nothing could be added. We laugh outright at the German, because he smoked many pipes, and began to evolve the camel from his own self-consciousness — a task which, it seems, is not finished yet. But the picture of the Englishman, who set sail at once for Arabia, lived there for years, and learnt all about the camel, and then produced a totally unreadable book, full of particulars in which the main idea was lost, — this is the picture we ought to take to heart. It is a masterly description, as near truth as intentional satire can be, of our delight in the visible and the particular, our dislike of the invisible and the universal. It is clear enough that such a temper, though it be unphilosophical in all departments, is certainly more at home in Physical Science. The gradual accumulation of observations, the possibility of verifying every step by visible and tangible experiments, to say nothing of the fruits of material utility which are plucked on the way — all these suit the English mind and disguise its want of philosophy. And perhaps the facility of free and universal action, the rapid extension of commercial and political empire, the necessity of compromise which all action demands, the possibility of uniting for a time for one practical purpose principles discordant in themselves, — perhaps, I say, all these things, valuable in themselves, tend to discourage abstract thought, and to turn aside the attention from that sphere in which such abstract thought is at every point a pressing neces-

sity. I suppose that we must accept our destiny as a whole, that we must be content with our great task of civilizing the world by action, and give up all hope of being the metaphysical leaders of European thought. Be it so; let us accept it; let us accordingly dwell on the material, and leave Physical Science her priority. But may we not introduce some clause to save the rights of a minority, and contend against her encroaching on the sphere of her weaker sister?

Now such encroachment seems to be proceeding, both positively and negatively.

Let us glance at the positive process in its three chief stages. Having entirely reconquered from Metaphysics the material world, Physical Philosophy proceeds to examine man himself through his material organization. In himself she views the physical machinery through which thought, volition, action work; she studies the brain, the nervous and muscular systems, and the like — plainly discerning that by their destruction, or even injury, the spirit is maimed in its action, and reduced apparently to dormant inaction or death. The inference is drawn, or if not drawn, suggested, that this material action is everything — that the prominence of certain organs determines intellect, and even moral character — that what we have called mental or spiritual action is only a subtler form of molecular force, yet undiscovered, but not different in kind from those which already have been traced and defined in the material world.

Then another step is taken. The organization of man is compared with that of existing animals; a succession is traced from the lowest type of animal life up to that which most closely approaches the human; it is studied both in its physical conformation, and that development of instinct, which in some points rivals, in some far exceeds, the penetrative power of reason. We are reminded through geological discoveries of the succession and disappearance of the links of a great series of animal life, in which our own system is but a part; and recent speculations on the origin of species tend to show that by an infinite minuteness of gradation they may melt into each other. Perhaps we are again reminded that even the human animal passes through stages in which it resembles lower organisms, and that we can fix no point of time at which what we call distinctive human faculties awake. Then, having done all this, Physical Philosophy again suggests the doubt whether any distinct separation can

be established between man and other animals, between his spirit and animal life.

Possibly the process may go one step further still, and, having broken down the barrier between man and other animals, it may proceed to efface the distinction between organic and inorganic life; to include the "vital force" in the great group of physical forces, electricity, gravitation, light, and the like; to pass lightly over the characteristic fact of organic structure and dwell on similarities of organic and inorganic material; and so still more effectually to reduce all creation to one dead level, over which Material Laws shall reign supreme.

I think that no one who reads the physical speculations of the day will believe that I have drawn a fanciful or exaggerated picture. I am sure that no one will doubt that the tendency is one which must finally absorb and obliterate, as a distinct philosophy, the philosophy of mind, and of its objects.

But all this turns upon the study of man's individual nature in relation to the great universe. There is another line of thought, which is less distinctly physical, but which fights equally against any spiritual belief. I mean the study of mankind, *en masse*, which aims merely at depicting the effect of circumstances — climate, food, geographical position, and scenery, — upon human history; which delights to point out that actions, however free, are capable of being tabulated into certain averages, and by these averages may be predicted as to their number and their character; or which dwells exclusively on the truth that human society, as such, appears to work its way through certain stages, in which the individual energy, even of the greatest spirits, is but, at best, a secondary disturbing force. Perhaps of all specimens of this line of thought, Mr. Buckle's volumes were the best defined, based on the largest induction, announced in the clearest and most trenchant manner. But no one can be at a loss for specimens of this form of historical investigation; few will doubt that it has added greatly to our knowledge, and initiated inquiries, which will increase that knowledge, a hundred fold. And, if it regard its results as only a partial view of the truth — if it distinguish clearly the ascertainment of these phenomena from the study of true causation — if it allow that this causation is the ultimate fact after all, and acknowledge the human will to be still potent and inscrutable — then it does its own work in its own sphere. None can hinder it; none ought to hinder it.

But this is precisely what it does not do. It either supposes that the cause of human action is discerned hereby, or that it is indiscernible and inappreciable. In either case it stimulates the study of Physical Science, or of mere historical phenomena; in either case it is fatal to any true philosophy of mind.

But beside these actions which I have called positive, there is also a negative action, into which both, and especially the latter, run up. It is impossible not to see that in much speculation all non-material action, all existence of supersensuous ideas, is not so much denied, as ignored, not so much controverted, as deemed to be below controversy. The physical side of any subject is fully and powerfully brought out; the principle of the impenetrability of matter is apparently extended, and it is supposed that no room is left for any other element in a sphere so thoroughly and completely occupied. Whether men base such views on the Continuity of Material Laws, which, it is thought, leaves no gap for the intrusion of any non-material action, or whether they fall back to the older ground, limiting all knowledge to experience, restricting such experience to visible and tangible objects, or inferring that all other experiences are too vague to be worth consideration—in either case they seek the same object. In the present day, perhaps counting the power of pure metaphysics as already conquered, and instinctively feeling that this power is weak if it be divorced from a theological ground, such habits of thought make their way into the sphere of theology. If we study the late controversy as to Nature and Prayer, it has been shown most truly that the denial of the efficacy of prayer on the ground that God is bound by his own Natural Laws, is based on principles which must exclude the interfering power of will in man; it is equally clear that it denies or obscures the possibility of what we call "will" in God. If, again, we examine the assertions of the *à priori* impossibility of miracles, on the ground of which all examination of evidence is rendered needless or absurd, we see that it is based again on the second of these inferences; it excludes the idea of a superior will in the creation and government of the universe, acting upon and with a view to a world of human wills.

It is somewhat difficult to be patient of this negative process, impalpable as it is, hardly fair or even rational in theory, but most powerful in its effects. Positive and direct reasoning, while we grapple with it as best we may, yet we are bound to treat

with the respect due to earnest and rational antagonism. But this system either ignores the facts of the controversy, or, by tacitly denying the existence of any power which is by hypothesis non-material, and, therefore, incapable of being "crowded out" by the massing of physical things or processes, it assumes the real point at issue. In either case it involves something of arrogance and injustice. We must protest, and it is difficult to prevent some indignation from colouring our protest, against it in the interests of truth and of fairness.

These are some of the leading tendencies of thought at the present day. Some will consider them steps in true scientific progress, and welcome the simplicity and unity which the exploding of the "spiritual" will introduce. Others will deem them essentially unscientific, as ignoring much evidence on the one side, and drawing extensive inferences from insufficient evidence on the other, and will accordingly consider that, in these, Physical Science is encroaching on a sphere which belongs to a higher philosophy. But whatever view we take of them, it is well that we should look them fairly in the face, and estimate the importance of their results. That importance I believe to be all but infinite. They will not merely affect every department of abstract thought, but they must involve, if not the destruction, at least the reconstruction, of the whole system of Morality; and they appear, at least, to militate against every idea of Theology, and almost every practice of Religion, as these words are now understood. For it is one thing to accept modifications, either of our theological system, or of our interpretation of Holy Scripture, which the advance of science, physical or historical, may necessitate; it is another to accept conclusions which strike at the root of any possibility of Theology, and any authority, perhaps any distinctive meaning in Scripture. In fact, when we look at the momentous consequences of these great questions, all the other controversies, which so unhappily occupy the thoughts of Christians, sink into the merest insignificance.

It may, indeed, be said that such consideration of results tends only to prejudice the cause of truth, by inducing perversion or hesitation in its progress. "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*" may be quoted nowadays in a new and more special sense. And certainly nothing can be more idle and nothing more unpardonable, than to raise any cry of intolerance, or return even in the slightest degree to the path of persecution. It is still possible (current literature notwithstanding) to have profound belief and

intense practical earnestness, and yet to feel that a spiritual warfare can be waged with spiritual weapons; it is possible to believe that honest doubt and even error are better than dishonest and ignorant acquiescence, and yet not to doubt that conviction is a blessing, or to suppose that truth is unimportant or undesirable. But it is right, nevertheless, to point to the importance of the issue.

It is right that in such weighty matters every step should be carefully, even jealously, scrutinized, and inference, probable or improbable, be distinguished from actual discovery. It is but common sense to bestow more time and pains to the investigation of claims which destroy the title-deeds of our whole estate, than of those which touch but a corner of our land or a fraction of our income. And such careful and jealous scrutiny is specially needed in the progress of a triumphant and aggressive science, in which bold inference and a happy audacity of theory are needful to bridge over the gulf which separates the examination of individual instances from the establishment of a general law.

It is right, moreover, for a more important reason, to point to great laws and truths, on which as yet human life and society have depended, if they are affected by the conclusions advanced in one particular line of thought. For, after all, every physical law is considered to be hardly established, till it has been submitted to "formulas of verification" — that is, till it has been tested by its accordance with actual facts, ascertained by independent observation. And it may not unfairly be considered by those who conceive the obligation of Morality as an ultimate fact, and the existence of some Religion as an essential necessity of human existence, that any theory, however plausible it may be, and by whatever array of evidences of one or two kinds it may be supported, yet must have in it some fatal error, if it fail to accord with these other classes of facts. There is such a thing as a moral "*reductio ad absurdum*" which must bar the most plausible system of reasoning, questioning not so much the close dependence of one link upon another, as the assumptions, supposed to be axiomatic, on which the whole chain hangs.

I cannot but quote here a passage from the Address already referred to, delivered since the foregoing paragraph was written, and expressing the conviction here advanced, in words, truly reverent, and therefore truly philosophic, which fairly enchain the attention of all who heard them: —

"Truth, we know, must be self-consistent, nor can one truth contradict another, even though the two may have been arrived at by totally different processes, in the one case, suppose, obtained by sound scientific investigation, in the other case taken on trust from duly authenticated witnesses. Misinterpretations of course there may be on the one side or on the other, causing *apparent* contradictions. Every mathematician knows that in his private work he will occasionally by two different trains of reasoning arrive at discordant conclusions. He is at once aware that there must be a slip somewhere, and sets himself to detect and correct it. When conclusions rest on probable evidence, the reconciling of apparent contradictions is not so simple and certain. It requires the exercise of a calm, unbiassed judgment, capable of looking at both sides of the question; and oftentimes we have long to suspend our decision, and seek for further evidence. None need fear the effect of scientific inquiry carried on in an honest, truth-loving, humble spirit, which makes us no less ready frankly to avow our ignorance of what we cannot explain than to accept conclusions based on sound evidence. The slow but sure path of induction is open to us. Let us frame hypotheses if we will: most useful are they when kept in their proper place, as stimulating inquiry. Let us seek to confront them with observation and experiment, thereby confirming them or upsetting them as the result may prove; but let us beware of placing them prematurely in the rank of ascertained truths, and building further conclusions on them as if they were."

The object of this paper will be attained, if it in any degree awakens the minds of its readers to the nature and importance of the present tendencies of thought. For if this be clearly perceived, then one important step is taken towards overcoming the ignorant dislike of abstract thought, and the temper of impatience or of ridicule, in which the very name of Metaphysics is apt to be received. The grounds on which we assert the reality of the Metaphysical Sphere, and of its claims to influence thought and determine practice, cannot be discussed here at present; but the assertion itself will be seen to be no question of the schools, but of a matter of life and death.

Especially I would venture to press this point on the attention of all teachers of Christian doctrine. At present there is danger lest the course of modern thought and the system of religious teaching, the week-day investigation and the preaching of the Sunday, go on, each ignoring the other, each rearing up its own fabric on its

* Address of Prof. G. G. Stokes, M.A., D.C.L., President of the British Association, delivered at Exeter on Aug. 18th, 1869.

own foundations, without ever inquiring whether these foundations may not be too narrow — whether the two lines of thought ought not to interpenetrate, and so modify each other. The link between them must be found in the philosophy which deals with the spirit of man, and the objects of which that spirit is cognisant. To disregard that link is to be untrue to the interest alike of Science and of Religion — to the right conception both of the visible and invisible worlds.

ALFRED BARRY.

From The Spectator, 16 Oct.
THE MILLIONAIRES OF NEW YORK.

NOTHING strikes us so strongly in this Gold Crisis in New York as the enormous and unrestrained power of the new American Plutocracy. They seem to be rising to a position which, in the extent of the influence it confers, is without a parallel in the history of aristocracies, or is paralleled only by that of the few Roman families which united to hereditary station in the Republic the command of masses of treasure and armies of debtors. There are men as rich in England, and men perhaps as unscrupulous in Europe, but for men as unrestrained in the use of their power, as defiant of opinion, of the law, of their own reputation, of all that limits the application of extraordinary means, we must seek in the East or in the history of the old Pagan world. A Roman Senator would destroy a province to recover his interest on a loan, or raise a civil war to rid himself of his debts; and the American "Ring"-leaders seem willing to force on a national bankruptcy, or ruin an army of shareholders, as mere incidental strokes in some grand "operation," or rather game, for in many cases they seem actuated by the determination to win, at least as much as by any thirst for profit. What does Mr. Vanderbilt, — with, it is said, £15,000,000 sterling, — want with the few scores of thousands he makes when in some huge railway campaign he crushes a thousand families? Yet he crushes them. In Europe a first-class millionaire of that sort would dread financial disturbance as he would dread an earthquake. In America he makes one. The game, the excitement, the notoriety seem to be the temptation of these men even more than the profit, and the whole scene suggests that in America, as in Rome, satiety comes quick to the very rich; that for the man of millions life has few interests; that the hunger for excitement has reached the height where nothing

will gratify it but battle, or orgy, or huge, mad gambling, perhaps the most dangerous symptom which a community can exhibit. The "operation" which has recently convulsed New York and shaken American credit throughout the world was not in itself a very extraordinary one. American currency is paper, but all duties must be paid in gold, and a good many contracts must be fulfilled, in one way or another, by transfers of bullion. Gold, therefore, becomes an article of prime necessity to trade, and one specially liable to be monopolized. Most transactions of the kind are excessively dangerous, because, though the world must have the article, say, for example, quinine, or tallow, or quicksilver, in all of which monopolies have been attempted, still the world can wait, and appeal to science for aid; but the gold was wanted immediately, every day, and could not be superseded by anything else. Nobody could or would take anything out of bond till he knew what he would have to pay in duties, which he could not know till the price of gold had settled itself. A few rich men, therefore, thought that if they could get possession of all the available gold they could get their own price for it, and the gold in stock being everywhere a very limited quantity, they fancied themselves rich enough to do it. Given a few men sufficiently confident in one another, and sufficiently rich to begin the game, pledging their gold as they got it, and there is nothing very extraordinary or very far-seeing in such a plan, which was indeed very imperfectly organized, the Ring having either forgotten or been deceived by the largest bullion-holder in the country, the Treasury of the United States. The really extraordinary thing is that men of such wealth and such capacity should have been willing to run such a risk, and endanger the commercial safety of the Union in such a spirit of recklessness. Gamblers do very mad things sometimes, but in Europe vast wealth seems to sober men, and the City could no more think of the Rothschilds, or Barings, or any first-class bankers playing *rouge-et-noir* after that fashion, than of their trying to shut the Bank of England for the sake of studying the physiognomical marks of despair on a splendid scale. The effort to do such a thing would cost any millionaire more cash in the consequent depreciation of his credit than he could hope to make by his operation. In America, we fear, had Messrs. Fisk, Gould, and the rest won the game, and stood out victors amid the surrounding ruin, their credit would have been increased. They very nearly did win. By

steady purchases they forced gold up from 133 to 160, that is, they raised the price by some twenty-five per cent., and might, as they intended, have sent it up fifty; but that the Treasury, after giving them time to exhaust themselves poured gold from its vaults into the market. Their remaining strength did not suffice to buy that, the bubble burst, and they stood with huge masses of contracts to receive gold at a price it did not fetch. Though they won enormously at first, still, with their object they must have held on to their contracts to a great extent, and the ultimate "differences" must have been frightful. During the fight resources had been accumulated by the Ring and their adversaries by enormous sales of securities, which were flung away at almost any price; United States' bonds, for example, being sold in large parcels 20 per cent. below market rate, and one great Railway falling sixty per cent. in 48 hours, and fortunes changed hands in a few minutes. Of course, in such a scene, the speciality of the American character, the strange and to us inexplicable something in their brains which makes them so distinct from the English, the liability to mental hectic, came out in full force. Brokers went mad, fainted, fell ill, and died; the Gold Room was like an asylum with the patients all loose and furious; the clerks in the Gold Bank sat in permanent session; the Bank was at last compelled to shut its doors merely to get through its work, and desperate attempts were made by the losers to lynch the chief author of their misfortunes, himself, it is reported, an enormous sufferer. All over the country business stopped, no man knowing at what price to sell, because he could not tell what import duty he might not have to pay on taking his orders out of bond. The effect was, in fact, precisely as if Mr. Gladstone had announced in Parliament that he was about to increase all import duties indefinitely, without fixing either the time or the amount. The spasm was too short to create much ruin beyond speculating circles, but had it lasted, as but for Mr. Boutwell's action it might have lasted, weeks, it is not too much to say that every dealer in the United States would have been more or less impoverished, and trade contracted 90 per cent. Even as it was, every man who had contracted to deliver goods out of bond on any one of these three days was fined from 20 to 30 per cent. on the amount of duty, that is, probably, his whole profit. Mr. Fisk's finger was, in fact, on the throat of every man in every port of the Union.

The American Press is already asking

anxiously where the remedy for this state of affairs can be found, and it has reason for its anxiety. There is not the slightest security that the experiment may not be repeated by men much stronger than Messrs. Fisk and Gould, and Government cannot be always descending in a shower of gold to the relief of mankind. Even if gold were not the subject, men so rich and imbued with such a thirst for gaming might still work irretrievable mischief. There is nothing whatever to prevent three or four speculators like Mr. Vanderbilt from mastering all the railways in the country, or reducing their shares to nominal values, or holding all the iron, or even making an attack on flour, or doing any other act which men possessed of immense resources, and standing in sympathy apart from the community, fighting like the Barons of old for their own hands, without reference to the welfare of any not directly connected with themselves, may be able to conceive. Congress has no power over them, the State Legislatures can scarcely touch them — being precluded from annulling the obligation of any contract — the judiciary is in their pay and even if they stepped beyond the law, which they need not do, juries could not be found to convict them. They cannot be deprived of their wealth without a social convulsion, they cannot be lynched, for they could raise regiments of armed bravoos, and apparently they cannot be induced to forego this use of wealth. Amidst such colossal gambling every other excitement seems insipid; and life without excitement is to them a dreary waste. What are they to do? In England a man with ten millions would enter politics, or build up a great landed estate, or "found a family," or engage in that miserable but exciting social strife which absorbs so many brains; but in America all these careers are closed, wealth being, after a certain point, nearly useless to secure a career. It is often asserted that the readiness with which "society" in Europe adopts the very rich is discreditable to the great, that it is, in fact, a violation of the first law of good societies that refinement, not wealth, is the *sine quâ non* of admission, but it must not be forgotten that society in the act of adoption imposes certain restraints which the history of New York shows to be of value. It is not well that great skill in getting together millions should be rewarded with a peerage, political influence, high position in society, and the general deference of all around; but it is much better that it should be so rewarded than that its possessor should be placed, as in New York, practically outside restraint,

invested with power to ruin, or enrich, or demoralize whole communities. A millionaire there seems able to place himself altogether outside the laws, to live among a race which still boasts its Puritanism like a Sultan, among a law-abiding people to wage private war, among a community singularly kindly to pour out ruin at will upon the unoffending. No aristocrat in modern days has had anything like the power of the American plutocrat, and no aristocrat in any days has been more completely beyond restraint. The remedy, we hope, must come, but we confess we cannot see whence. The law of equal division at death clearly does not prevent agglomerations of property which are all the more dangerous, because the property, being personal, can be so rapidly turned to use. A Marquis of Westminster can do much, but a threat from him to upset the City would only provoke a smile. A Mr. Vanderbilt in England, if he chose to work mere mischief, might reduce us all to a state of barter, and work more ruin than an invading army; and if we may judge from all we hear of New York, would be just as likely to do it as not, in order to feel his power,

to make "strokes," and generally to enjoy the excitement of a superb form of gambling. Fortunately, in England a man of that kind would in a short time provoke the community, and the community through Parliament is absolute; but in America we see nothing to prevent the development of the millionaire into a virtual monarch, the state of whose digestion would be important to millions, who could no more be controlled than a Shah could be controlled, and who, if he could not send his adversaries the bowstring, could send them an equally fatal decree of confiscation. We fail to see what a man with fifty millions could *not* do in New York, or why a successful chief in the "Ring," any man with a million, a head for finance, and no scruples, should not make fifty millions. We expect yet to see Mr. Urquhart's strange dream fulfilled, and a single millionaire gain possession of a State, make what laws he pleases, and live in a free Republic as much a sovereign as if he were an Asiatic King. Vanderbilt—who, we should say, behaved well in this affair—could buy New Jersey.

THE THEISTS OF CALCUTTA.

On the 24th of August last, the new house of worship for the Progressive Brahmos or native Theists of Calcutta was opened for divine service. Devotional exercises were continued from early morning till late at night. In the evening a sermon was preached by the congregational minister Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen on the benefits of truth and toleration. The following is the formal declaration of principles by which the sect is to be guided:

Every day, at least every week, the One only God without a second, the Perfect and Infinite, the Creator of all, Omnipresent, Almighty, All-knowing, All-merciful, and All-holy, shall be worshipped in these premises. No created object shall be worshipped here. No man or inferior being or material object shall be worshipped here as identical with God, or like unto God, or as an incarnation of God; and no prayer or hymn shall be offered or chanted unto or in the name of any one except God. No carved or painted image, no external symbol which has been or may hereafter be used by any sect for the purpose of worship or the remembrance of a particular event, shall be preserved here. No

creature shall be sacrificed here. Neither eating nor drinking nor any manner of mirth or amusement shall be allowed here. No created being or object that has been or may hereafter be worshipped by any sect shall be ridiculed or contemned in the course of the Divine service to be conducted here. No book shall be acknowledged or revered as the infallible word of God; yet no book which has been or may hereafter be acknowledged by any sect to be infallible shall be ridiculed or contemned. No sect shall be vilified, ridiculed, or hated. No prayer, hymn, sermon, or discourse to be delivered or used here shall countenance or encourage any manner of idolatry, sectarianism, or sin. Divine service shall be conducted here in such spirit and manner as may enable all men and women, irrespective of distinctions of caste, colour, and condition, to unite in one family, eschew all manner of error and sin, and advance in wisdom, faith, and righteousness. The congregation of the "Bharatbarseeha Brahma Mandir" shall worship God in these premises according to the rules and principles herein before set forth.

Peace, Peace, Peace!

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

From The Spectator, Oct. 9.

THE POPE AND MODERN CIVILIZATION.

ENGLISH life certainly contains enough of striking contrast and picturesque antithesis. Consider only these two characteristic phases of it, both occurring within a single week, — and both in some sense eagerly watched by English society, — Archbishop Manning in his purple and ermine in the pro-Cathedral at Kensington, discoursing last Sunday to Catholics and Protestants of the Pope's authority, and obligation to resist "Liberalism, progress, and modern civilization;" and, again, Mr. Dickens, high-priest of the bran-new religion of the hour, inaugurating the present session of the Midland Institute at Birmingham on the previous Monday, and discoursing, with a scarcely less authoritative and dogmatic air, to the thronging crowds of that mixed audience, on the falsehood, or perhaps meaninglessness, of the accusation brought against our age that it is a materialist age, and even intimating his shrewd suspicion that the electric telegraph and the steam-engine were among those characteristic revelations of the divine mind which our Lord withheld from His disciples on the eve of His crucifixion because they were too weak to bear them! Both are thoroughly characteristic phenomena of the age, and neither of them are particularly encouraging to those who care to see faith and the forces of modern civilization in their proper relative places. Probably no organization in the world ever had so good a chance at one time as the Church of Rome of leading and directing the progress of the human intellect so as to make it of the highest available good to man, and yet so as to keep that progress in due subordination to the spiritual nature of man. Certainly no other Church, Protestant or otherwise, has ever regained the influence over the highest intellectual studies which the Church of Rome exercised, — and exercised well, — in the early part of the mediæval period. She had then no little share of the democratic spirit, — the spirit which is determined to show that all men are equal before God, and that all true intellectual and moral gifts, however low the station in which they are bestowed, ought to weigh with wise rulers a hundred times more than the mere prestige of empty rank and station, — and she had the courage to believe in true learning and investigation of all kinds. No doubt the reaction may have been partly due to the very dissolute lives of some of the chief Catholic patrons of the revived learning. But, in modern times, the efforts of the Papacy to recover a frank understanding

both with the popular political spirit, and with the progress of the intellect, have been few and far between. Pio Nono made one of these efforts at the beginning of his reign, and excited the most universal enthusiasm in the people, while dismaying and offending his Cardinals, by his faith that God would give him power to restore Italy to herself, and religion to the hearts of those alienated from it. But he was affrighted by his own boldness, and soon sank back into the dismal precedent of his predecessors, snubbing all intellectual progress. "developing" the Church's dreams in order that she may sleep on without awaking to the great facts of the day, and bitterly inveighing against the new spirit of freedom. What a future was lost in the New World by the neglect of the Roman Catholic Church to do nearly a century ago what it is said she is doing, tardily, though wisely, now, — educating some hundreds of negro priests who may go and repay their debt of obligation to Rome by raising up an oppressed negro race in the United States to bless the only Church which had actively interposed between their misery and their masters! What a vast intellectual opportunity Rome lost, — we speak of Rome, because she is the only Church which once seemed to command the situation, but few other Churches have done much better, — when the light of the new inductive sciences on which she looked so jealously dawned in Europe, in not creating a special order devoted to scientific investigation and the application of the new discoveries to the arts. Had she led that great movement of which she so foolishly betrayed the bitterest jealousy, and given to the world sciences and arts consecrated by the religious spirit, and therefore certain to devote their first fruits to the grateful task of giving back to faith what faith had given to the people, we should not now have the representative of the oldest power in history bringing the Pope's solemn challenge to "Liberalism, progress, and modern civilization;" nor should we have those who, like Mr. Dickens, blurt out "the loose thoughts of loose thinkers," — thoughts rendered loose and incoherent by that habit of catching up first impressions which is the natural effect of progress without a spiritual order behind the progress, — gravely telling us that Christ's vision of a light too glorious for the sight of the infant Church two thousand years ago, was a vision of the mere means and instruments of civilization, — not a renovated earth and an open heaven, — but cheap rails and cheaper wires, the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, the solar microscope,

and, perhaps, the penny post. Is it possible to imagine a more miserable misunderstanding between the spiritual and physical worlds than seems to exist at present? On the one side, the old historic Church, retaining, indeed, all its magnificent audacity, but in a perverted form, challenging modern civilization as Canute challenged the tide, repudiating with anger the policy which might have guided its course, and, of course, visibly dwindling as it does so to a power no longer commensurate even with Europe, because all the most energetic life of Europe has been made its enemy, or perhaps not even so much as that, the amused and compassionate observer of its shrinking power—and, on the other side, with Churches and sects innumerable which have inherited from Rome the habit of ignoring science, though not ignoring popular feeling and movements, the confused, surging life of an age, which, with Mr. Dickens for interpreter, hardly knows the meaning of saintly life and spiritual blessedness! There is no spiritual body now existing in Europe which has made any serious effort to lead the scientific thought and discovery of the day, and, while glorying in the beneficent powers thus placed at its disposal, to keep the natural always closely welded to the spiritual; but then no such body has had the chance which Rome once had of keeping ahead of Europe intellectually in order to enhance the benefit of its spiritual teaching. The Pope may say what Dr. Manning puts into his mouth,—“I acknowledge no civil superior, I am the subject of no prince, and I claim more than this—I claim to be the supreme judge and director of the consciences of men—of the peasant that tills the field, and the prince that sits on the throne—of the household that lives in the shade of privacy, and the legislature that makes laws for kingdoms—I am the last sole Supreme Judge of what is right and wrong. Your progress is departure from Christian civilization; in that path you may have many companions, but me you will not find.” But who will believe him, when this “supreme judge and director of the consciences of men,” instead of leading the life of Europe, shrinks into a corner and denies its right to live? The “supreme judge and director of the consciences of men” should surely understand all the problems on which he is to give a judgment. If he is to declare to the conscience the true philosophy, he should at least be the first of metaphysicians, or he might blunder in the mere discrimination of terms; if he is to resolve the scientific man’s doubts, he should surely understand

the scientific man’s difficulties. If he is to reprove the scholars of Tübingen and Munich and Berlin for their heresies, he should at least be one of the first of critics; if he is to direct the consciences of kings, say of Prussia, and Austria, and France, and Italy, in their national movements, and their territorial disputes, he should, at least, enter heartily into the data on which those great issues are raised, the thirst of all the races for independence, the passion of men of the same race for national unity; and, if he is to govern the relations of the family, to reform, as Dr. Manning hints, the social vices of our generation, he should, at least, know the social miseries of our generation, he should have entered deeply into the political economy and the social economy of the societies he is to regulate, understand what it is which tends to defer marriage so late, and what are those mental as well as moral deficiencies in both men and women which cause so many unhappy marriages and so much fear of marriage; in a word, he should be not an amiable and dreamy visionary, watching the world from afar, but one profoundly versed in the social phenomena of his generation. Even moral infallibility of a “director of consciences,” without omniscience, is difficult enough to conceive;—but without even detailed knowledge of the scruples and doubts and wants and remedies of the day, it is a pitiable claim. God, who directs the consciences, at least *knows* the mind and heart,—does the Roman Church ever try to do as much in our day, when she makes this magnificent claim? The cry “I am infallible! I am infallible!” seems to come to us now from a great distance, as it were,—as if the voice which cries it were rapidly retreating from our planet, as Sirius is said to be.

And the result of this ignorance shown by the Churches of the actual life of the day,—greatest, perhaps, in the celibate Roman Church, in spite of its grand organization and acuteness—but great everywhere, is that we are in danger, Mr. Dickens’ protest notwithstanding, of a materialistic age,—a term which has a meaning, though Mr. Dickens was so skilful as to avoid seeing it. He is, of course, quite right in supposing that there is nothing more materialistic in sending a message by telegraph than in sending it by the post; nothing more materialistic in reading a penny paper than a sixpenny paper; nothing more materialistic in travelling express than in travelling on foot. But he is not right in supposing that an age which is so delighted with the progress of the arts and

the sciences that it thinks of nothing else, and either makes these great discoveries into gigantic playthings with which it toys, or uses them to lap itself in luxury, and then,—something as Mr. Pecksniff said of his digestive system, that when it was “wound up and going,” he felt “a benefactor to his race,”—piques itself on illustrating so splendidly the “progress” of mankind,—he is not right in supposing that such an age is not in the greatest danger of materialistic torpor. For our own parts, deeply as we believe that “progress and modern civilization” are given by God to be the vehicles of far greater

spiritual gifts in future, we could almost more easily believe in a Church which has not life enough left in it to conquer the world, than in a world which worships,—may we not almost say like Mr. Dickens?—gasometers, steam-engines, the penny post, and the electric telegraph. It is not possible to believe in either. But the old man in Rome proclaiming his absolute independence of “modern progress” is only dreaming, and his dream is not wholly ignoble. Our tendency to substitute the means of civilization for the ends, is only too real, and it is a tendency which no one can call anything but ignoble.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

FLING down the faded blossoms of the Spring,
Nor clasp the roses with regretful hand;
The joy of summer is a vanished thing;
Let it depart, and learn to understand
The gladness of great calm—the Autumn rest,
The Peace, of human joys the latest and the best.

Ah, I remember how in early days
The primrose and the wind-flower grew be-
side
My tangled forest-paths, whose devious ways
Filled me with joy of mysteries untried,
And terror that was more than half delight,
And sense of budding life, and longings infinite.

And I remember how in Life's hot noon
Around my path the lavish roses shed
Colour and fragrance, and the air of June
Breathed rapture—now those summer days
are fled,
Days of sweet peril, when the serpent lay
Lurking at every turn of life's enchanted way.

The light of Spring, the Summer glow, are o'er,
And I rejoice in knowing that for me
The woodbine and the roses bloom no more,
The tender green is gone from field and tree;
Brown barren sprays stand clear against the
blue,
And leaves fall fast, and let the truthful sun-
light through.

For me the hooded herbs of Autumn-grow,
Square-stemmed and sober tinted; mint and
sage,
Horehound and balm—such plants as healers
know.

And the decline of life's long pilgrimage
Is soft and sweet with marjoram and thyme,
Bright with pure evening dew, not serpent's
glittering slime.

And round my path the aromatic air
Breathes health and perfume, and the turfy
ground
Is soft for weary feet, and smooth and fair
With little thornless blossoms that abound
In safe dry places, where the mountain side
Lies to the setting sun, and no ill beast can
hide.

What is there to regret? Why should I mourn
To leave the forest and the marsh behind,
Or towards the rank low meadows sadly turn?
Since here another loveliness I find,
Safer and not less beautiful—and blest
With glimpses, faint and far, of the long wished-
for Rest.

Is it an evil to be drawing near
The time when I shall know as I am known,
Is it an evil that the sky grows clear,
That sunset light upon my path is thrown,
That truth grows fairer, that temptations cease,
And that I see, afar, a path that leads to
peace?

Is it not joy to feel the lapsing years
Calm down one's spirit? As at eventide
After long storm the far horizon clears,
The sky shines golden and the stars subside;
Stern outlines soften in the sunlit air,
And still as day declines, the restless earth grows
fair.

And so I drop the roses from my hand,
And let the thorn-pricks heal, and take my
way,
Down hill, across a fair and peaceful land
Lapt in the golden calm of dying day:
Glad that the night is near, and glad to know
That rough or smooth the way, I have not far
to go.

The Month.

SALVIA.

From Chambers' Journal.
BYRON AT WORK.

No man of letters has been oftener criticised than Byron. Every incident in his life, every flaw in his character, all his vices (and more), all his affectations, have been stereotyped in print by a hundred pens. There is one point of view, and one only, I believe, from which Byron has not yet been sketched, and that is as a literary workman. It is from that point of view that I propose to add a few touches to his portrait.

It is but candid at the outset to say that this is the character that Byron abhorred of all others. To be a poet and to be nothing else was, in his opinion, to be one of the most useless, and therefore one of the most contemptible of men. "If one's years cannot be better employed than in sweating poetry," he said, "a man had better be a ditcher;" to the last he thought far more in his heart of his escutcheon, and of the deeds of arms that were associated with it, than he thought of the laurels of *Childe Harold*; and to have died sword in hand storming the fortress of Lepanto, as one of the heroes of Greece, he would, without a moment's hesitation, have consigned all his rhymes to the flames. He refused at first to accept a guinea for his works; and when the bailiffs were in his house, scattering his household gods around him, and selling even his books, he presented his copyrights to any of his friends who had the courage to ask for them or would take them as a gift. Yet these despised copyrights are, after all, his best and indeed his only title-deeds to fame; and it is as a man of letters (and of gallantry) only, that posterity will trouble itself to give a second thought to the poor peer who ended a career of turbulence and vice in the camp of a horde of Greek bandits at Missolonghi. He made but one speech in the House of Lords, and that might have been made by any of the lords in waiting to be found under the table of the Prince Regent. His military picnic in Greece was a fiasco. The years that intervened between these two events, the commencement and the end of his career, were spent either in vice or in the pursuits of literature; and it was simply as a man of genius and a man of pleasure that any one ever spoke or thought of Lord Byron.

Byron as a poet and Byron as an artist were a contradiction and a paradox. The poet despised the artist; the artist sneered at the poet. Byron hardly ever spoke of his own works, when he spoke of them critically, except in the language of depreciation. His genius as a poet was the genius

of Wordsworth; but his taste as a critic was the taste of Pope. Pen in hand, he never for a moment, except when translating his *Hints from Horace*, permitted his critical tastes to interfere with the free play of his genius. But these tastes, after all, were more deeply rooted in his nature than his genius. He never spoke of Wordsworth but with aversion, and he never spoke of Pope but with what most people now think preposterous adulation. He set Pope even above Shakespeare and Milton. "I have always regarded him," he says in a letter to Moore, "as the greatest name in our poetry. The rest are barbarians."

Yet, with all these stiff and starch notions of versification, Byron forgot all about his model, Pope, and his own indignant strictures upon "the atrocious bad taste of the times" and all that, the moment that he took up his gray goose quill; when the fit was on, he wrote as it was natural that a man of his bold and passionate genius should write — wrote, that is, in the spirit of Scott and Coleridge and Wordsworth, and resented almost as an insult to his genius any compliments that were paid to his poems as works of art, any suggestion in the way of criticism that seemed to imply that his poems, like Pope's, owed anything of their beauty and finish to the skill or labour of the workman instead of the inspiration of the poet. He hated to be thought a literary workman; and nothing annoyed him more in the criticism of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* than to find his poems spoken of as works of art. He got into a passion with Jeffrey and Gifford for speaking of *Cain* and *Lara* as elaborate. "Elaborate! What do they mean?" he asks in a note to Murray acknowledging a packet of criticisms and compliments. "You know the volume was written as fast as I could put pen to paper, printed from the *original* manuscripts, and never revised but in the proofs." "Of all the works I have ever written, these," he says in a subsequent letter to Moore, harping on this word elaborate, "are the most carelessly composed, and their faults, whatever they may be, are those of negligence, and not of labour;" and their beauties, of course, for this is what Byron is suggesting, the result of inspiration. He is fond of comparing himself (in poesy) to the tiger. "If I miss the first spring," he says, "I go growling back to my jungles. There is no second; I can't correct; I can't and I won't."

This was his theory, and his practice very closely corresponded with his theory. Most of his works were written in heats, dashed

off, that is, at the rate of fifty or sixty stanzas at a sitting over a bottle of Holland or burgundy. He is never tired of boasting of this in his correspondence with Moore and Murray. "This is the work of a week," he says, speaking of the *Bride of Abydos*; and in his Diary he explains with more precision that "it was written in four nights to distract his dreams. Were it not thus," he adds, "it had never been composed; and had I not done something at that time I must have gone mad, by eating my own heart." The *Corsair* was written in ten days, at the rate, that is, of two hundred lines a day; Pulci he translated at the rate of two octaves a night, "the same allowance as at Venice." *Lara* was written "in the summer of the sovereigns" (1814), "amidst balls and fooleries, when undressing," he says, "after coming home from balls and masquerades;" and the *Vision of Dante*—"the best thing I ever wrote, if it be not unintelligible"—was written at the request of Madame Guiccioli, most of it by the side of her couch, with what that lady calls "his usual facility and rapidity."

It is no part of my business to reconcile the poet and the artist; perhaps, however, it may be as well to point out that though Byron wrote most of his works under the influence of what is called inspiration, and therefore with remarkable fluency and rapidity, he nursed his genius as carefully as Pope when he was making preparations for any of his works; and with the exception of the *Corsair*, of *Lara*, and of *Cain*, most of these rough sketches were afterwards revised and polished in the keenest spirit of criticism, carefully copied out, and frequently revised and re-revised in the proof. Take the *Bride of Abydos*, for example. In its original form, it was the work of a week; but as it now stands it is much longer and far more beautiful than when it left the desk of the poet in its first rough manuscript. Moore traced out two hundred fresh lines interpolated in the proof, and, "as usual, among the passages thus added were some of the happiest and most brilliant in the whole poem." The *Corsair*, and the *Corsair* only, I believe, stands as it was originally written. It sprang from his brain perfect, and, taking into account the surpassing beauty of the work, it is, as Moore says, perhaps wholly without a parallel in the history of genius.

What, however, looks like inspiration even in the *Corsair* may be, after all, only the result of profound thought and meditation, for popularity was the passion of By-

ron's life, and poetry the only means that he possessed of gratifying his passion. He was hardly ever without a poem on hand and frequently had hints or sketches for five or six in his desk; and from the moment that he had fixed his mind upon the title and plan of a piece till the poem was published, it was never out of his thoughts. He was always making additions to it, altering and correcting. You may find traces of this everywhere in his diaries and correspondence. "Wrote down an additional stanza for canto five of *Don Juan*, which I composed in bed this morning," is the first entry in his Diary that strikes me on opening Moore's *Life* at random; and a few pages further on is a note to Murray: "After the stanza on Grattan, add the following addenda, which I dreamed of during to-day's siesta."

His muse was always at work. Riding in the woods of Ravenna, or on the sands of the Adriatic; standing, like *Lara*, by a pillar, and watching the dancers at a ball; listening to the story of the Prisoner of Chillon, from the lips of "a corporal as drunk as Blücher, and, to my mind, as great a soldier too;" boating on the Lake of Lucerne, or strolling with Shelley through the vineyards that were once "the bosquet de Julie," with the Heloise before him, Byron was generally surrendering himself up in silence to the pleasant task of moulding his thoughts into shape, avoiding conversation by leaning abstractedly over the side of the boat, or loitering behind his companions; and when he sat down at the end of the day after dinner, or on his return from balls and masquerades, it was not to think, but to pour out all that was in his mind.

To Byron this sort of dreaming was what it is, I suppose, to most men of Byron's genius, an intellectual pleasure of the highest order. Moore calls it a delicious fool's paradise. Coleridge spent half his life in the clouds; and Alfieri tells us that, before his dramatic genius had unfolded itself, he used to pass hours in this state of—what shall I call it?—intellectual somnolence, gazing upon the sea. Byron's love of solitude took the form of Alfieri's, and the pleasure that he refers to in his lines—

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion
 dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean,

was a pleasure that he spoke of from personal experience; for it was his habit, when in Greece and Italy, to swim out to sea, to perch himself on the top of a high rock overlooking the sea, and there to pass hour after hour, "in that sort of vague reverie which, however formless and indistinct at the moment, settled afterwards in his pages into those clear, bright pictures which will endure for ever." This love of solitude and meditation characterized him even as a boy at Harrow, where he was in the habit of withdrawing himself from his playmates, and giving himself up to what Keats, I think, calls "the silent session of sweet thoughts," sitting alone upon a tomb in the churchyard. It grew with the growth of his genius, and it was this tendency to meditate, combined with his love of wild and picturesque scenery, that led him first to Greece and then to Italy, and which, but for Madame Guiccioli, might have taken him in the end from even Italy and Greece to "the land of Bolivar."

Knowing when and how Byron's works were written, any man who knows Italy or Greece might, I believe, trace out most of the spots where Byron spent these leisure hours; for his pictures of scenery, even when only touched off by two or three dashes of the pen, are as vivid and as true to nature as photographs. *Manfred* is a chart to the Bernese Alps; and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* is, to my thinking, quite as interesting and suggestive a guide-book to the tourist who wishes to see all that is worth seeing in Europe, apart from the people and the theatres, as Murray's *Handbook*.

Byron's sketches of scenery are unrivalled. They stand alone; and their terseness, vigour, and beauty illustrate the strength and the flexibility, and the varied hues of the English tongue more vividly than any other writings that I know in our language. What without his travels in Greece, in the Alps, and in Italy, Byron might have been as a poet, it is, of course, impossible to say, because it is impossible to tell what a mind like Byron's, thrown back upon itself, might dare, and daring, accomplish. But taking his works as they stand, comparing *Sardanapalus* with *Don Juan*, and *Cain* with *Manfred*, it is hard to picture Byron as a great poet, hardly indeed as a poet at all, without his travels; for Byron only really possessed one power in anything like an eminent degree, and that was his power of description. Of constructive genius he had not a spark. All he knew of the drama was through the Greek, and all his attempts to imitate his

Greek models are, to speak mildly, failures. He tried his hand at a novel, after reading German ghost-stories for a week with Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, and agreed with them to write something after the same style. He put together a skeleton; but he never got beyond the skeleton; and if Polidore's story is, as it is said to be, founded on Byron's sketch, Mrs. Shelley might well have hesitated to risk her reputation as an authoress by publishing *Frankenstein* between the covers of Byron's novel.

The plan and even most of the ideas of Byron's works were, to use an ugly word to express a commonplace fact, plagiarisms. Byron's powers of imitation were developed in an unusual degree. His powers of invention were, in comparison, slight. When, therefore, he ceased to read, he ceased to write; and after reading, it was next to impossible for him not to write. So strong, in fact, was this passion of imitation, that I have no doubt what Byron said of two or three of his poems, "If I had not written this, I should have gone mad," is the literal interpretation of what he felt. His writing fits came over him like a rage, and when this rage was on, writing was not only a relief, but a necessity. When, however, this writing fit was over—when, to use his own words, "he had emptied his mind"—he sank back into that state of lethargy and indifference which frequently led him to doubt the powers, and sometimes the existence of his own genius, once or twice to make up his mind that literature was not his vocation, and to announce to Murray that the days of his authorship were ended. His mind, after most of his efforts, was a blank; and he sought in travel, in dissipation, too often in vice, the relief that every mind must have after a great effort. But the first book he took up after "repeopling his mind with Nature," set him off again; and in his Diary you may generally trace every phase in the period of his intellectual gestation, from the first conception of a poem till its birth, and from its birth through that period of puberty which is represented by printer's proofs scrawled all over with corrections and additions, till the day when it was put to press and ushered into the world with all its blushing honours thick upon it. Most, if not perhaps all, of Byron's poems are thus at once the reflex of his reading and of his travels. If it were necessary, I could cite a dozen illustrations of this; two or three will, however, be sufficient for my purpose. Take *Manfred*. I have referred to this poem in a previous paragraph to show how closely Byron reproduced the

recollections of his wanderings in his descriptions of scenery. It supplies us with an equally striking illustration of his habit of reproducing the recollections of his reading. *Manfred* is *Faust* in an English dress. The opening scenes of Goethe's poem and the opening scenes of Byron's are identical. Byron was quite unconscious of this resemblance, and resented the charge when it was first put forth by Goethe; but it turned out, upon second thoughts, that Monk Lewis had translated most of *Faust* to Byron *videlicet* at Coligny. This, however, was enough for Byron. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* was modelled upon the *Dunciad*. The Paraphrase of the *Art of Poetry* is worked out upon a suggestion of Dr. Johnson's. Sardanapalus is the shadow of the portrait of Otho in Juvenal; and *Don Juan* is a copy of the Page in the *Marriage of Figaro*.

Byron tells us himself how he disciplined his mind by draughts of Pope and Milton to write his satire; and Moore relates a suggestive conversation that passed between him and his friend at Venice. Byron was then at work upon *Don Juan*. "On the day preceding that of my departure from Venice"—I quote Moore's own words—"my noble host, on arriving from La Mira to dinner, told me, with all the glee of a schoolboy who had been just granted a holiday, that, as this was my last evening, the Contessa had given him leave to 'make a night of it,' and accordingly he would not only accompany me to the opera, but we should sup together at some café (as in the old times) afterwards. Observing a volume in his gondola with a number of paper-marks between the leaves, I inquired of him what it was.

"'Only a book,' he answered, 'from which I am trying to *crib*, as I do wherever I can; and that's the way I get the character of an original poet.'

"On taking it up, and looking into it, I exclaimed: 'Ah, my old friend Agathon!'

"'What!' he cried archly, 'you have been beforehand with me there, have you?'

I do not know a better illustration of Byron's mode of working than *Sardanapalus*. The history of that is complete. The grim thought of the tragedy is, as I have said, to be found in Juvenal's description of Otho. Sardanapalus is but Otho under another name. The portrait is etched by the Roman poet; Byron adds nothing but the colour; and with this key in one's hand you may trace the progress of the work step by step in Byron's Diary. Here are a few extracts:—

"January 13, 1821, *Saturday*.—Sketched the outline and *dram. pers.* of an intended tragedy of *Sardanapalus*, which I have for some time meditated. Took the names from Diodorus Siculus (I know the history of Sardanapalus, and have known it since I was twelve years old); and read over a passage in the ninth volume octavo of Mitford's *Greece*, where he rather vindicates the memory of this last of the Assyrians."

"January 14, 1821.—Turned over Seneca's tragedies. Wrote the opening lines of the intended tragedy of *Sardanapalus*. Rode out some miles into the forest. Misty and rainy. Returned—dined—wrote some more of my tragedy. Read Diodorus Siculus—turned over Seneca, and some other books. Wrote some more of the tragedy. Took a glass of grog. After having ridden hard in rainy weather, and scribbled, and scribbled again, the spirits (at least mine) need a little exhilaration, and I don't like laudanum now as I used to do. So I have mixed a glass of strong waters and single waters, which I shall now proceed to empty. Therefore and thereunto I conclude this day's diary."

"February 15, 1821.—Last night finished the first act of *Sardanapalus*. To-night, or to-morrow, I ought to answer letters."

"RAVENNA, May 28, 1821.—Since my last of the 26th or 25th, I have dashed off my fifth act of the tragedy called *Sardanapalus*. But now comes the copying over, which may prove heavy work—heavy to the writer as to the reader."

To talk of inspiration after confessions like these, of the necessity of a man of poetical temperament possessing a strong passion of some kind, and to call poetry the dream of the sleeping passions, is, at the first blush, a little startling to people who can only pretend to comprehend the intellectual operations of genius from the autobiographies of poets themselves.

Yet, in the main, the history of *Sardanapalus* is, I believe, the history of most of Byron's works. They were the result partly of reading, partly of original thought; partly, that is, of memory, and partly of imagination. Take the *Corsair*, the *Prisoner of Chillon*, the *Bride of Abydos*, the *Lament of Tasso*, *Don Juan*, or any of Byron's works—trace its history by the light of his Diary and correspondence, or by the recollections of his friends, and you must be a particularly inapt scholar if you cannot discover its germ-thought either in an after-dinner conversation with Shelley or Moore—in the legend of an old ruin—in Goethe, Rousseau, or Schiller—in an

incident of Lord Byron's own life—in a satire of Juvenal, or in the traditions of the scenes through which he had recently passed. Lord Byron's mind was like an Æolian harp; the gentlest breeze, the slightest hint, was sufficient to evoke its music; but without this breeze, without this hint, it was silent. Looking through an old romance picked up at a roadside inn, listening to the song of a Swiss maid in the mountains, reading the letters of Catharine de Medici, visiting the cell of Tasso, and turning over the manuscript of his *Jerusalem*—any trifle of this kind was sufficient to fire Byron's imagination; and when once his faculties had been put in motion, when the chords of the Æolian harp had been touched, a host of associations at once crowded into his mind; all the recollections of his travels—Greece, with her heroes, and her temples in shattered splendour; the Ægean, with its glittering waters and its pirates; Calypso's Isles, with all their mantling traditions; Albania, with its castled crags, and the pale crescent sparkling in its glens; the Rhine, with its streams and dells,

Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain,
vine,
And chiefest castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls;

the Bernese Alps, with their glaciers and their torrents; and then Byron must, as he said, empty his mind, or go mad.

Any one who will take the trouble to go through Byron with a microscope may trace out many of his thoughts, many of his expressions, many of his finest illustrations, in his diaries and correspondence, hastily and roughly jotted down, perhaps, for the eye of his sister, of Moore, or of Murray, and then probably forgotten, but recalled the moment they were needed, even though it might be years after, and worked up afresh in his poetry as vividly as if they were only the impressions of yesterday, or the impromptus of the moment.

This is what the world calls genius. To understand its working, says Ruskin, we must picture to ourselves "all that men of genius have seen and heard in the whole course of their lives laid up accurately in their memory, as in storehouses, extending with the poets even to the slightest intonations of syllables heard in the beginning of their lives, and with painters down to the minutest folds of drapery and shapes of leaves and stones; and over all this undindexed and immeasurable mass of treasure, the imagination, brooding and wandering, but dream-gifted, so as to summon at a

moment exactly such a group of ideas as shall justly fit each other."

What Byron called his "estro" was this intense exercise of all the faculties of his mind, of his imagination and memory, of his wit and fancy; and it was the concentration of all his faculties upon the accomplishment of his work, and their concentration in what I may call a state of preternatural excitement, that made him describe a man's poetry as a distinct faculty or soul—a faculty that had no more to do with the everyday individual than inspiration with the Pythoness when removed from her tripod. Consistently with this notion, Byron calls his poetry sometimes a dream of the sleeping passions, and sometimes the expression of excited passion. I should prefer to vary the terms of his description, and to call it the expression of excited thought—reproducing the dreams of the passions. The difference is but trifling; but in the altered form this is an apt description of the spirit in which Byron generally sat down to work. All his poems were written, in the first instance, by fits and starts, roughened off, to use his own expression, after reading and cogitation for half the day, written, that is, as fast as their author could put pen to paper, and generally, I may add, written at night, frequently after two o'clock in the morning.

These were Byron's favourite hours of work. All *Don Juan* and most of *Childe Harold* were roughened off by the lamp; but with the striking exception of the *Corsair* and *Lara*, none of these drafts were passed into the hands of the printer without careful and elaborate revision and correction. Most of them were copied out again stanza by stanza. This was the heaviest part of Byron's work at the desk. It was the only part that he thoroughly detested. He complains of it again and again; and speaking of *Don Juan*, he says: "I loathe this task of copying so much, that if there was a human being who could copy my blotted manuscripts, he should have all they can ever bring for his trouble." Several of these original drafts of Byron's poems are in the possession of Mr. Murray; and they amply bear out all that Byron says of them. They are as illegible as careless and hasty writing, and still hastier corrections, could possibly make them. Byron wrote with remarkable fluency and rapidity. His thoughts, when he had once got into a writing vein, never moved sluggishly. They were generally far ahead of his pen; and dashing off his verses as he did, partly under the inspiration of genius, and partly under that of strong waters, one may easily

conceive what sort of copy Byron sent to the printer. Even when writing at leisure, his hand was, as he said, as bad as his character — even as that character was painted by himself.

Yet this was a case where an amanuensis, even if he could have deciphered Byron's blurred and blotted manuscripts, could have been of no possible service; for it was not simply a fair copy of his verses that Byron wanted. When Byron sat down to copy out his rough drafts, he sat down with books of reference and a Dictionary of Rhymes at his elbow; and much as he professed to despise the file, few men of his genius have altered and corrected and furnished up their poems more than Byron did. Moore took the trouble to go through the original drafts of some of Byron's poems, and to compare them with the finished copy. His comparisons are striking and suggestive. In the original draft of *Childe Harold*, the little Page and the Yeoman were referred to in five or six lines of little or no beauty. The light and sparkling lyric which now relieves the gloom of the first canto, like a moonbeam, is an after-thought. It was, as Byron acknowledges in his preface, suggested by a song in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy*. The *Song to Inez*, too, is anything but an "unpremeditated lay." In the original manuscript, it was a mere bit of sing-song: —

O never tell again to me
Of southern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.

What it is now, all the world knows. The *Bride of Abydos* originally began with the second stanza; the first, as it now stands, "Know ye the land," &c., was added in copying. These beautiful lines are said to have been suggested by a song of Goethe's.

At the outset of his career, Byron found considerable difficulty in arranging his thoughts; and he tried a plan then very prevalent in Germany, and still practised, I believe, by the poet-laureate, of having his manuscript set up in type, and of correcting and re-arranging it in proofs. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* was set up in this way by a printer in Newark. This, however, was impossible when Byron was abroad; and the poet had thus to copy them out with his own hand. But even after copying out a poem in this way, and cor-

recting it in manuscript, Byron scrawled corrections in the margin of his proof, till Murray and the printers were almost out of their senses. Take the *Giaour*, for instance. In its original form — in the form, that is, in which the manuscript left Byron's desk — the *Giaour* was only a poem of four hundred lines. It has now one thousand four hundred, and many of the most striking and beautiful passages that distinguish the poem were added in the proof. That exquisite bit of description which now forms the second paragraph in the opening lines of the *Giaour*, "Fair clime where every season smiles," &c., is not in the manuscript; it was added in the first proof; and when the revise with this addition came into Byron's hands, he superadded twenty or thirty more lines to carry out his vein, starting with the line: —

For there, the rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the nightingale, &c.

The third paragraph, comparing the desolation of Greece to the loveliness of death —

Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers;

the impassioned verses opening with, "My memory now is but the tomb," and the lines, "The cygnet proudly walks the waters," were all proof corrections — "bits of purple" patched into the poem; and in most cases the piecing is obvious to those who know Byron's habits of composition. His verbal alterations were endless; and they were all marked by the delicate touch of the scholar and the poet.

With respect to recent aspersions upon his memory, we have, for our part, nothing to say, save that the present Laureate, being dowered with the gift of prophecy, as a poet should be, has well anticipated the "orgies" which knave and clown are now holding at Byron's tomb.

For now the poet cannot die
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him, ere he scarce be cold,
Begins the scandal and the cry:

Proclaim the faults he would not shew:
Break lock and seal: betray the trust:
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know.

"The carrion vulture" has, and with vengeance, torn Byron's "heart before the crowd."

From Once a Week.

THE COMET OF A SEASON.

By the grave of Charles Churchill—the half-forgotten satirist, who died in 1764 at Boulogne, and was, after some difficulty, brought by his associates for Christian burial to Dover—Byron wrote some touching lines, which commence,—

I stood beside the grave of him, who blazed
The comet of a season.

The second half-line seems so apposite, that we choose it for the title of this article, in which we are about to consider some passages in the life of that Philip, Duke of Wharton, who was born in 1699, and, who, to quote a bygone humourist, speaking of another person entirely, “went up like a sky-rocket, and came down like the stick.”

The advantages of high birth are obviously many. It may advertise courteous mediocrity, or may smooth the way to power for titled men of strong, if erratic, brains. A duke is not necessarily a cultured person: a duke is not necessarily a genius: but he has many advantages over a commoner of equal merit, if his Grace can only start in life without making an egregious ass of himself. What might in the commoner be easy, self-complacent, shrewd common sense, in the duke, by the vote of society, ever lord-loving, will be genius; or, at any rate, that kind of available so-called originality which society, in his case, fawns upon and appreciates.

Philip, Duke of Wharton, had what we moderns call, many “pulls” at the outset. He was well-born, and he had the benefit of living in a time when the fact of his being the son of a prominent nobleman of Hanoverian sympathies would probably bring him, if he cared for notoriety, the extra advertisement of his likelihood by blood and inclination to help the reigning cause. We who live in an age such as the present, can form but a very thin, pulseless notion of the fierce feelings of men whose minds were overwrought with ideas of the indefeasible divine right of kings, as expounded by Jacobite sympathisers, on the one hand, or of the doctrine of resistance to an anti-constitutional stretch of the regal prerogative, as inculcated by the party who hated the Stuarts and championed the Hanoverian succession, on the other.

The subject of this brief memoir was born in that troubled time. From his father—whom George the First raised to the rank of a marquis, and who strenuously opposed the Court party in the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Second—the Duke of Wharton inherited a strong prejudice in

favour of liberal opinions. At a very early age he showed signs of a bright intellect, which his father, then Earl of Wharton, was not slow to appreciate and improve. When a mere boy—thanks to his father's watchful fostering of his budding talents—he acquired a considerable knowledge of England's past and passing politics; and, all his education being conducted at home under the parental eye, he also, while in his teens, gathered from his father's experience at second hand an acquaintance with men and things which, but for his own wilful misuse of all his chances, must have stood him in good stead for the rest of his life.

But from his very boyhood this comet of a season was one of those persons who seem destined by fate to show us of how little use are brilliant abilities unaccompanied by honest fixity of purpose. To him, quite as justly as to Richard Savage, we may apply Dr. Johnson's noteworthy words which close the biography of that ill-fated poet: “Those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.”

Young Philip Wharton, by his brains and reputation for dangerous energy, earned very early in his life a lurid sort of reputation. He died, broken down in the prime of manhood, a wretched outcast, with no friend but a bare-footed monk to close his eyes, in a foreign land. From straggling materials, all too indifferent,—from a forgotten hack-author's remarks of some hundred years ago,—we have collected what follows. To those who are not acquainted with such matters, we shall make no apology for trying to resuscitate the memory of one who at once extorted the admiration, and earned the deathless satire, of Pope.

Virtue, we are told, is more pleasing when it comes in a comely form; and even vice will often for a time be half pardoned if set off by charming manners and a fine face and figure. Wharton was one of the most distinguished young men of his day in personal appearance. To a marvellous memory, a ready wit, and a rare reasoning power, in him were super-added the charms of a cultivated elocution and a mastery of every manly accomplishment. But fate, which gave him genius, denied him common sense; and with all his unenviable notoriety, his life was a conspicuous failure. He was little more than fifteen when he allowed his heart to run away with his head. By a private marriage with a young lady in

every way his inferior, he thwarted his father's ambitious schemes for a darling son's welfare, and the discovery of this marriage was soon followed by the doting parent's death.

The first down of manhood had hardly darkened on his chin ere young Wharton had steeped himself to the lips in all kinds of reckless profligacy, oddly interspersed with fits of study. When he was seventeen we find him travelling on the continent — always more or less in debt or difficulties; for, as he was a minor, his trustees stinted him in his allowance, and he had recourse to usurers, with the natural results of such conduct.

It may seem strange that such a mere boy in years as the Marquis of Wharton — his dukedom was yet to come — even though the son of a great public man, should have attracted so much political interest wherever his roving steps took him. There must have been something more than a mere strange precocity about this clever youngster, when we find exiled Jacobites courting him, and the Chevalier de St. George — otherwise "the Old Pretender," — loading him with compliments. Louis the Fourteenth had acknowledged the chevalier's claim to be James the Third of England, and in his capacity of sovereign the titular monarch bestowed upon the boy Wharton a dukedom — that of Northumberland. About this time, Wharton and his tutor, or rather governor, who accompanied him on his continental tour, quarrelled. The brilliant, passionate, wayward youth and the overbearing pedant could have no sympathies in common. When they parted, the duke left behind him a young bear, which had been one of his suite, with a note to his tutor to this effect — that being no longer able to stand his tutor's ill-usage, the duke had made up his mind to leave that gentleman. "However," added the nobleman, "that you may not want company, I have left you the bear, as the most suitable companion that could be picked out for you."

In spite of the empty title of Duke of Northumberland, and other more solid honours paid him by the "Old Pretender," Wharton soon grew sick of the sham court of the exiled Stuarts, and ere the close of 1716, we find him in Paris, sought after by British residents there of both shades of politics. His rare genius, and wonderful fascination of manner induced the English ambassador, the Earl of Stair, specially to cultivate, as a matter of great importance, the acquaintance of the boy-politician of seventeen. Lord Stair was never weary of praising the character of the duke's father,

who had been such a staunch friend to the Brunswick dynasty, and of urging the young man to abandon the Pretender's interest, and tread in his father's steps. Very bitter in its shrewdness was Wharton's sneering *tu quoque*. The father of the Earl of Stair had been one of those who first urged the hapless James the Second to unconstitutional acts, and then heartlessly deserted him in his direst need of friends. "I thank your excellency," said Wharton, "for your very kind advice, and, as your excellency had also a worthy and deserving father, let me hope *you* yourself will likewise copy so bright an original, and tread in all his steps."

Mr. Burke said politics seemed to him, after all, but as "an enlarged morality." What he would have thought of young Wharton's is another matter. As shamelessly venal as unhappy Chatterton — who wrote from London to his sister that "he is but a poor author who cannot write on both sides" — Wharton had the impudence to say to an English gentleman in Paris who blamed him for his desertion of his father's beloved cause and the Hanoverian dynasty: "I have pawned my principles to Gordon, the Pretender's banker, for a large sum; till I can repay him, I must be a Jacobite. When I have paid him, I will return to the Whigs."

In a very short time, however, he turned his coat. Though some years under age he had — so contemporary history says — "the honour, on account of his extraordinary qualities, of being admitted to take his seat in that august assembly the (Irish) House of Peers, to which he had a right as Earl of Rathfarnham" — one of his secondary titles. And now we find him, this boy-senator of seventeen, thundering away on behalf of the ministry, carrying that grave assembly along with him in his fiery flow of eloquence, now pointed with epigram, and now convincing in its pitiless logical deductions. No nobleman, we have read, either in that or the English House of Lords, "ever acquitted himself with greater reputation." His reward soon came. The king made him a duke, accompanying the creation by words which, at this time of day, seem to us somewhat fulsome when applied to such a youth. "When we consider the eloquence he has exerted with so much applause in the parliament of Ireland, and his application, even in early youth, to the serious and weighty affairs of the public, we willingly decree him honours which are neither superior to his merits nor earlier than the expectation of our good subjects."

"To one thing constant never." It was now almost time for him to turn his coat

once more. On coming of age he entered the English House of Lords as Duke of Wharton, and soon afterwards violently opposed the government, a line to which henceforth to his death he adhered. Now his fortunes begin to fail. Up to the ears in debt, his estates vested by the Court of Chancery in the hands of trustees for the payment of his liabilities, he went abroad, as he said, to retrench—a thing he never in his life could accomplish. How he went to Spain, where his coming excited the alarm of the English ambassador at Madrid; how he was specially ordered home by the Privy Council; how he scorned the summons, and pursued a career of political intrigue in alternation with the wildest debauchery; how his wife died, and how he married a young maid of honour at the Spanish court contrary to the advice of his and her friends; how he went to Rome, accepted orders and decorations from the exiled Stuart prince, swaggered, rioted, and finally was turned out of the Eternal City; how he thence went to Spain, offered his services to the king of that country, who just then was besieging Gibraltar; how he fought as a dare-devil volunteer against the English forces, for which he was made a colonel; how he next wrote to the Pretender at Rome expressing a wish to join the Stuart party there; and how the Pretender snubbed his firebrand admirer, who forthwith went to France; all these things, if told in detail, would take a volume's space.

Meanwhile Wharton was in desperate straits. He had not more than £600 when he reached Rouen with his retinue, and he was soon penniless. Still he gratified his heart's darling vanity—the love of making a stir, and getting talked about. A bill of indictment for high treason was preferred against him in England. This stopped the receipt of his income from his estates, and he and his wife were starving. He had to fly from Rouen from his creditors, leaving his carriages and horses to be sold. The man to whom, even in his teens, powerful ministers had “kotted;” the orator, the pink of fashion, the airy wit, the popular pamphleteer, the gay, the admired, the gallant Duke of Wharton was now simply a wretched runaway, almost driven to swindle for a dinner.

Next we find him actually going into a convent “in order to prepare for Easter.” There, as everywhere else, he excited admiration; so apt was he to be all things to all men. He soon came out again, and “ran” a desperate “muck” against all propriety as before, till we hear of him in

Paris, often forced to sponge for a night's lodging, and even losing the regard of a low Jew, who befriended him, by his drunken violence. At last a friend started him off for Spain, with one shirt, one cravat, his Duchess, 500 livres, and one servant.

He went to Nantz, in Brittany, and there waited for further funds, which he spent as soon as they were received. He sailed for Bilboa with a regular ragged regiment of hangers-on and servants. Arrived in Spain he had no friends, no credit, no money except what he got for pay as a colonel in the Spanish service. His wife went home to her friends in Madrid, and the Duke to Barcelona, where he speedily got into “hot water” again. He thrashed the valet of the Governor of Catalonia for impertinence, and was sent to prison for it. Told that he might come out, he refused, unless an apology was tendered to him. He complained to the Court, and received a palpable snub, and was ordered to return to his military duties.

In the beginning of 1731 he was in a consumption—could not move without assistance; went to Terragona to drink the waters; got a little better, and was soon as witty and delightful a boon-companion as ever, so long as locomotion was not required of him. Ere summer came he was lying friendless, helpless, and destitute of common necessities, in a wretched little village, where he must have died, had not some St. Bernard's monks taken him into their monastery. There, a week after, in the garb of a poor friar, died at the age of 31, the wild, witty, profligate, brilliant Philip, Duke of Wharton, who had exhausted life's enjoyments, and was grey at heart long ere middle age. The unquiet spirit was thus at last at rest. It is a tearful history, and the best of it is but bad. And yet might we not well ask ourselves, had we shared this poor Duke of Wharton's glittering temptation, might not some of us have been perchance as bad as he?

“*Ma foi, Monsieur,*” said a Turkish lady, educated in France, to Boswell, “*notre bonheur dépend de la façon que notre sang circule.*” If you believe her, you may the better make allowances even for Wharton's broken life.

Pope's lines on him—in “Moral Essays,” Epistle I.—are possibly so well known as to render a quotation superfluous. Nevertheless, the temptation to garnish our own dull prose with some of Pope's polished couplets is too great for us. Assuming that Wharton's ruling passion was the love of praise, the poet tells us, “this clue, once found, unravels all the rest.” The

portrait is a ghastly one, — but so sadly like!

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise.
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies;
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too:

* * * * *

Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all — from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible to shun contempt;
His passion still to covet general praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool with more of wit than half mankind;
Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies — sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still, flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you, why Wharton broke through every
rule?

'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him
fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain —
Comets are regular and Wharton plain.

Priez pour les malheureux. Standing in
fancy by his lonely grave, what forbids us
to shed one tear, even over the dust of
what was once the wild, witty, wicked
Wharton?

From Chambers' Journal.

OUR LADY-BIRD FRIENDS.

THE unsummerly summer of eighteen
sixty-nine will be memorable in entomologi-
cal annals for the commotion created by
the appearance of the pretty little beetles
known as May-bugs, lady-bugs, lady-cows,
or lady-birds in

Continuous clouds

Of congregated myriads numberless,

disputing the possession of our watering-
places with the holiday-makers, astonishing
town-bred throngers of the public parks,
delighting the proprietors of suburban gar-
dens, and decking even London tombstones
in unwonted splendours.

Insect invasions usually come in the cat-
egory of plagues — plagues bringing dearth
and famine in their wake. "The land is as

the garden of Eden before them, and behind
them a desolate wilderness," says the poet-
prophet, warning his countrymen of im-
pending foes coming upon the land to waste
its fields and make its husbandmen ashamed.
"As horsemen shall they run; like the
noise of chariots on the tops of mountains
shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of
fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong
people in battle-array. They shall run like
mighty men, they shall climb the wall like
men of war; and they shall march every
one on his ways, and shall not break their
ranks. They shall run to and fro in the
city; they shall run upon the wall; they
shall enter in at the windows like a thief.
The earth shall quake before them; the
heavens shall tremble; the sun and moon
shall be dark, and the stars withdraw their
shining!" We are not, happily, liable to be
frighted by such terrible visitations as
that depicted by the seer of Israel; although
at times the foes of vegetation muster
strongly enough to fill our cultivators with
dismay. The extraordinary influx of lady-
birds, however it might alarm some weak-
minded folks, who fancy anything unusual
the forerunner of pestilence, was not a
calamity to be deplored, but rather a bless-
ing to be rejoiced over. The bright-coated
bands were but the battalions of an army
of deliverers bent on exterminating the
legions of aphides that had quartered them-
selves in our fields, hop-grounds, and gar-
dens.

The past summer has been prolific of
these pests, as every hop-grower knows to
his cost, and every floriculturist to his grief.
Now, to "the fly" — whether it be red,
black, or green — lady-birds are deter-
mined, remorseless enemies; and doubtless
the only reason our visitors had for coming
in such extraordinary numbers was, because
they were wanted; and they certainly did
not come a day too soon. Any one pos-
sessed of a garden, even if only what goes
by that name in the suburbs of a large
town, knows too well how the fly plays
havoc with his pet flowers, and defies his
desperate attempts to get rid of it. This
year the aphides have been particularly
abundant. Clear them out of a bed one
day, and thousands — who had apparently
been waiting for accommodation — might
be found there next day, the powers of
these destructive mites, in the way of in-
creasing and multiplying, being beyond all
calculation. And when we have myriads of
them driving their beaks into the tenderest
tissues of the plants they favour with their
unkind attentions, developing their bladdery
bodies upon the juices intended for the

development of leaves and flowers, we need not be surprised at witnessing the amount of mischief they work in a very short time. Entomologists tell us that the female lady-bird deposits her amber-coloured eggs in the midst of the marauding crew. Out of these yellow eggs soon crawl certain six-footed flat worms, of a dirty green colour, ornamented with a few yellow spots. As soon as hatched, the worm begins to feed upon the game around, eating some hundreds a day, until it arrives at the proper dimensions to fit it for its transformation; when fastening itself upon a leaf by the end of its tail, it waits in abstinence until the larval skin splits, and the worm comes forth a perfect lady-bird — its dull hue changed for a spotted coat of orange, yellow, scarlet, or black. Here, according to Mr. Wood, its good offices end; that enthusiastic naturalist, while admitting that the presence of the lady-bird in the garden is an unmitigated benefit, and that in its larval state it is one of man's best friends, qualifying his praise by saying that, in its perfect state, it is "almost neutral." We should be sorry to set our limited experience against the observation of so good an authority; but, in justice to our pretty helper, we must state that our verberna-beds, which, spite of syringing and tobacco-water, remained things to shudder at, within a week of the irruption of lady-birds became pictures of healthy vigour. It was just the same with other plants; and instead of it being hard to find a plant in our garden that was not more or less infested with aphides, it was exactly the reverse, notwithstanding that we could not find any deposits of lady-birds' eggs, neither in out-of-the-way places, nor where we had noticed the insects most actively employed in performing perambulations over the plants.

Lady-birds are found in Asia and Africa, and in all parts of the European continent. There are said to be more than fifty kinds, mostly distinguished by the number of spots they bear and the colour of their wing-cases. Entomologists, like botanists, are deplorably fond of bewildering themselves and everybody interested in the study of their so-called science, by making every little difference an excuse for creating a new species. Lady-birds are, however, very intractable subjects, revelling as much as other ladies in variety of costume, so that they set their would-be classifiers at defiance; although, it must be owned, the blame of the consequent confusion rests quite as much with their scientific sponsors; for it is palpably absurd to make such trivialities as the number of spots an insect

may happen to sport the basis of distinction. The number of these spots varies from two up to twenty-two, while some bear squares instead of spots, and others are content without any markings at all. The value of the method of distinction adopted may be judged from the fact, that a writer on the matter says: "Whenever the entomologist finds a lady-bird which he does not know, he is mostly safe in putting it down as a variety of the Two-spot." Entomology owes much to the lady-bird, since it owes the pleasantest expositor of its mysteries to our little friend; Kirby being impelled to study the tricks and manners of the members of the insect world by having his notice attracted to a brilliant and lively specimen, that recovered its freedom after twenty-four hours' immersion in a spirit-bath. The lady-bird does not seem to be provided with any weapon for defending itself against its enemies, unless its power of exuding an acrid yellow fluid, resembling opium in its odour, from its legs answers the purpose. "It is doubtless to this fluid," says Mr. Phipson in his *Utilization of Minute Life*, "that they owe their property of curing the most violent toothache when they are placed alive in the hollow part of the tooth." Smashed lady-birds were once in repute for curing colic and measles.

Like the swallow, martin, redbreast, wren, and cricket, the lady-bird has the benefit of a long-standing belief that any one wilfully killing it will infallibly break a bone or meet with some equally troublesome punishment before the year is out — a notion probably springing out of its being supposed to be under the special protection of the Virgin Mary — to which it of course owes its most popular name. In Suffolk and Norfolk, it goes by the name of Bishop Barnaby (why or wherefore, none can tell), and instead of the couplet —

Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home;
Your house is on fire, your children all gone —

is addressed with:

Bishop, Bishop Barnabee,
Tell me when your wedding be;
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

Or, as a Norfolk version has it:

Bishop, Bishop Barnabee,
Tell me when my wedding be;
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.
Fly to the east, fly to the west,
Fly to them that I love best.

Forby says some obscurity hangs over this popular name, which has certainly no more relation to the companion of Saint Paul than to drunken Barnaby. It is sometimes called Benebee, which may possibly have been intended to mean the blessed bee; sometimes Bishop Benetree — of which it is impossible to make anything. The name has probably been derived from the Barn Bishop; whether in scorn of that silly and profane mockery, or in pious commemoration of it, must depend upon whether it was adopted before or since the Reformation. The bishops of old wore scarlet and black in their robes, which may account for the episcopal dignity conferred on the scarlet and black beetle; while it may perhaps take the rest of its title from its appearing in the month in which the festival of Saint Barnabas occurs.

In 1807, a correspondent of the *Annual Register* writes to say that the immense flights of lady-birds which have recently appeared in Kent have caused some alarm to the superstitious of both the small and great vulgar who frequent the watering-places where the streets have been literally covered with lady-birds; whereas, instead

of being looked upon as foreboders of pestilence, they ought to be hailed as soldiers returning from a glorious victory, seeing that through their agency the hop-growers may rejoice in half a crop, where they would have had no crop at all, besides enjoying a fair prospect of an abundant harvest in the following year. Kirby saw the banks of the Humber so thickly strewn with the common lady-bird that it was difficult to walk without destroying them, and at another time saw a vast number of various species on the sand-hills at the north-most extremity of the Norfolk coast. In 1835, the wisacres of Berkshire actually called out the public fire-engines and charged them with tobacco-water, in order to destroy the hosts of lady-birds they fancied threatened their crops with annihilation. We fear there is a good deal to be learned in this way yet; agriculturists and gardeners are too ready to destroy their best friends: a little encouragement of nature's police would pay them better than all their pottering with expensive and troublesome nostrums, which seldom achieve the purpose of their being.

WALLIS'S PICTURE OF CHATTERTON.

On his trundle-bed outstretchèd, heedless now
of smile or frown,
Half-undressed the poet lieth, with his white
arm dangling down:
From his cold and clammy forehead fall his rich
sweet-matted locks;
And the dear devil face's calmness human pity
courts and mocks.

In the cold air of the attic, by the stripling's
fragile frame,
Just a puff of smoke ascendeth from the taper's
dying flame;
And the floor is strewn with papers, lying torn
in tattered slips,
With the curse on Bristol, breathèd by the poor,
pale, poisoned lips.

Through the half-oped garret casement dreamily
the dawn creeps in,
Touching tenderly the sleeper — child of Sor-
row, and of Sin:
Soon the world without will waken, poorer by a
poet heart,
And all heedless underneath him, crowds will
press unto the mart.

Oh, the magic powers of genius! oh, the paint-
er's potent spell!

Praise be to thy pencil, Wallis; thou hast done
thy brave work well;
And the tragedy enacted on that memorable day
lives to us in all its horror, preaching to our
hearts for aye. Chambers' Journal.

In the Museum of the Chambers' Institution
at Peebles, which was founded at a cost of some
£20,000, there may be seen, carefully brack-
eted to the wall, a small box or chest, on the
lid of which there is an inscription to this effect:
"This box belonged to William Chambers, when
an apprentice in Edinburgh, between the years
1814 and 1819, and which then contained all he
possessed in the world." Incredible as it may
seem, the inscription, as we happen to know, is
in the handwriting of the founder himself, who
is no other than the senior member of the well-
known firm of publishers. Surely, this is push-
ing "Chambers's Information for the People"
to the very utmost. Gentleman's Magazine.

CHAPTER VII.

MADEMOISELLE DE MALPIERE'S MARRIAGE.

"I GRIEVE to say that even after my short conversation with Mdlle. de Malpiere on the steps of the parterre, I did not make up my mind to give her up. On the contrary, my love became selfish and tyrannical, and I felt resolved to assert my claim to her hand, in spite of the existence of a favoured rival. So greatly did passion blind and mislead me, that the idea of a forced marriage no longer appeared to me so repugnant and odious as it used to do. The time for delay and hesitation was gone by, and I determined to speak to the Baron that very evening. We had only to draw up the contract on the following morning, and in three days I could be married to Mdlle. de Malpiere. It was whilst I was sitting by the Baronne near the parapet, watching the games on the village green, that I turned over in my head these plans and resolutions.

"The scene below was somewhat confused. Almost everybody had left the place where the fair was held, and the crowd pressed tumultuously round an enclosure formed with ropes and stakes run into the ground. At one end of these lists — so to call them — stood a pole, at the top of which glistened in the rays of the setting sun a gigantic pewter dish. At the opposite extremity a drum and fife formed the most discordant orchestra ever inflicted on mortal ears. Mdlle. de Malpiere was on the other side of her mother, and never took her eyes off that scene. I kept watching her with feelings of jealousy, anger, and tenderness. She tried to look composed, but the expression of her countenance, and the feverish flush on her cheeks betrayed a secret agitation.

"'Look, my dear Count,' the Baronne said to me, 'the games are going to begin.'

"Two half-naked men entered the lists, and seized one another by the body. One of them was soon thrown down, and silently withdrew from the ring. The other man stood bolt upright, and awaited the next combatant, who in his turn remained master of the field, and then was vanquished by another adversary. For more than an hour new wrestlers successively occupied the centre of the ring, and were one after another rolled in the dust, amidst the shouts of the mob, who greeted them with applause or hissed and hooted at them, according to the more or less strength and activity they evinced.

"After two or three encounters had taken place, the Baronne turned to me, and said

with a slight yawn, 'It must be owned this is a little monotonous; especially as it is perfectly well known beforehand who will be the conqueror. The abbat is sure to end by throwing them all down, as he did last year.' 'The strength of that fellow Pinatel is extraordinary,' the Baron observed; 'and he is also a wonderful poacher. If he had belonged to the place, I should have made him the offer of Choiset's situation some time hence, and in the meantime occupied him as a woodman.'

"A moment afterwards Madame de Malpiere yawned again, and exclaimed, 'This is decidedly very tedious. These fights with the fists are too tiresome. Let us take a turn in the parterre.' I think I have already mentioned that this parterre was a raised platform, supported by the rampart, and surrounded with trellised walks, amongst which meandered a number of narrow paths, edged with box. This little miniature hanging garden of Babylon filled up all the space in front of the modern part of the castle, and some of the old structures had been smartened up and newly painted in accordance with these recent alterations. At one of the angles of this portion of the building, which was entirely devoted to Madame de Malpiere's apartments, was a little turret, jutting out beyond the wall and over-hanging a precipice, the bottom of which was on a level with the plain. In old times this turret was called the watch-tower, and when there were wars or disturbances in the country, a sentinel was placed in a little lodge at the top of it, to give notice of the approach of hostile bands. A slated roof had been substituted for the watchman's sentry-box, and at the height of the first story a large window had been made, the balcony of which hung over a chasm full of briars and dark-coloured mosses. Mdlle. de Malpiere's room was in this tower. As we passed near it the Baronne stopped, and pointing to the balcony with her gold-headed cane, she said to me, 'I cannot look out of that window without feeling giddy. My daughter's nerves are stronger than mine. I have often found her musing on a moonlight evening with her elbows resting on the edge of that swallow's nest.' I leant over the parapet to measure with my eyes the tremendous height of the wall, and satisfied myself that even if there had been a Romeo in the neighbourhood, that Juliet's balcony was inaccessible.

"Shortly before sunset loud acclamations arose from the plain, and the pewter dish disappeared from the top of the pole. 'It is over,' the Baronne said, peeping through

the sticks of her fan. 'The victor is proclaimed, and he is crossing the square with his train. They will be coming up here. Let us go in.' It soon became dark, but the peasants lighted pine branches which they carried in their hands. The flickering light of their torches formed a curious moving illumination as they ascended the hill. From the windows of the drawing-room we saw parties of men parading about the village with a drummer at their head, and singing patriotic songs, and a less numerous band of boys and girls dancing on the green. In a few minutes Choiset, the gamekeeper, came in. 'The abbat is arrived,' he hastily announced; 'there is a great crowd following him. I am come to take M. le Baron's orders.'

"'You will admit no one but the abbat himself and his twelve companions,' answered the old nobleman; 'and if any of the others try to force their way in, you will do as I told you.' 'Come,' said the Baronne smiling, 'let us go and give audience to these gallant shepherds. Your hand, M. le Baron. Come with us, my love,' she added, turning to her daughter. Mdlle. de Malpiere followed them, holding in her hand the blue scarf unfolded. She looked very pale, and I saw her hands tremble.

"They all went down-stairs. I did not follow them; the whole affair was disagreeable to me, and I had not meant to be present at the presentation of the scarf. I remained therefore alone in the drawing-room, standing near a window, and unconsciously gazing on the dark plain. There was no moon, and not a star was to be seen in the sky. The garden and everything beyond it was veiled in profound obscurity. The night wind moaned sadly through the trelliced alleys. I leaned my head on my hands, and fell into a melancholy fit of musing, which gradually softened my resentful feelings. The kind of avowal which Mdlle. de Malpiere had volunteered, as it were, to make to me, had created at first in my heart a paroxysm of jealousy and anger, which was almost like hatred. But by dint of turning over in my mind the cruel words she had uttered, I began to think that there was no occasion to attach any importance to them; that it was all an excuse and a subterfuge, a mere threat—that I had not, that I could not, have a rival. If I could be once persuaded of this, I felt I could easily forgive her coldness, endure her scorn. I was ready to fall at the feet of the haughty girl, and to tell her that I should always love, always be devoted to her, without insisting on a return, if such was her will—her whim. As I was indulging in

these alternate moods of tenderness and anger, I thought I perceived a figure passing slowly under the window, keeping close to the wall, like some one feeling his way in the dark. Though there was nothing extraordinary in this, my attention was roused, and I followed with my eyes the indistinct form for some time, but the obscurity was so great that it disappeared without my having been able to discern which way it had gone. A moment afterwards Madame de Malpiere's little dog got up and growled. I turned round; the door of the boudoir which had served me as a studio was ajar. I fancied I heard the sound of a light, stealthy footstep on the creaking boards. The impression was so strong, that I called out, 'Who is there?' There was no answer. I took a candle, and went into the boudoir; the little spaniel followed me, barking between my legs. The door to the parterre was open. This was often the case in these summer evenings. No one was to be seen, but I fancied I heard the sound of receding footsteps. I concluded that some of the servants had passed that way into the garden, and returned to the drawing-room. About half an hour afterwards Madame de Malpiere came in and threw herself on the sofa, exclaiming, 'I am quite exhausted. I have been obliged to rest some time on my way up in Boinet's room. I do not know that I ever laughed so much in my life. I think it is that which has tired me so much!'

"'Was the reception so very amusing then?' I asked. 'Oh, you shall hear all about it,' exclaimed the good lady, seized with a fresh fit of laughter. 'Just picture to yourself. The abbat and his *cortège* were waiting in the green hall, with their hats off and very respectful, all as it should be. When my daughter came forward, the big fellow went down on his knees in a most gallant fashion to receive the scarf. She stooped over him, and passed it over his chest, whilst the others applauded, making a tremendous noise. At last, when silence was restored, the abbat stood up and addressed to me a little speech, which gave me time to look at him. Upon my word, that man is a giant. I do not think my feathers reached as high as his elbow. When he had finished his harangue, I turned to the Baron and said, 'Monsieur, may I beg you to make my acknowledgments to that young man. Not knowing the language of the country, I have not been able to understand his speech, but I am not the less delighted with his sentiments.' 'Why, good gracious, madame,' the Baron exclaimed, 'he spoke to you in French.'

'This tickled my fancy so much that I was seized with a fit of laughter which obliged me to hide my face with my fan, and I was at least a quarter of an hour recovering myself. But it all passed off very well I think. Wine and liqueurs were plentifully served out to these good people. They drank our healths, I don't know how many times, and are gone away quite satisfied I presume. But the whole affair has been dreadfully fatiguing. As to my daughter, she is quite knocked up with the emotions of the day, and has asked my leave not to appear at supper. She has probably retired to rest by this time. For my part I feel sufficiently refreshed not only to keep you and the Baron company at supper, but to play, if you are so disposed, our usual game at piquet afterwards.'

'The Baron then joined us, and said, 'There is an immense number of people on the road. They seem to be coming here, but they certainly will not come in. We can sleep in perfect quiet; I have ordered the drawbridge to be taken up.' 'Oh,' exclaimed his wife, in a jesting manner; 'then we are all your prisoners. Nobody can go in and out without your leave.'

'We went to supper. I thought, in spite of all his efforts to appear unconcerned, that the Baron was somewhat anxious about the state of things. He fell, however, asleep as usual in his arm-chair, and Madame de Malpiere and I began one of those interminable games at cards which she often liked to prolong beyond midnight.

'At about eleven o'clock Mdlle. Boinet ran in looking terrified. 'I don't know what is going on,' she said; 'there is a great tumult outside. From this room nothing is heard, but if M. le Baron will go down into the court perhaps he can find out what all the noise is about.' 'I daresay they are come to give us a serenade,' Madame de Malpiere said, quietly shuffling the cards. 'I shall go down and see,' the Baron cried, starting up out of his sleep. 'Don't move, Champaubert; it is not worth while to interrupt your game.' He had hardly left us when the bells of the parish church began to ring. 'It is the tocsin,' I exclaimed. 'Then I suppose a fire has broken out somewhere,' Madame de Malpiere answered. 'It is a frequent occurrence here, where the houses are all built of wood, and thatched with straw. On these *fête* days there is always a beginning of conflagration somewhere or other, because in each cottage they light great fires for the frying with oil which goes on at a great rate on these occasions.' 'In that case,' I replied, 'we ought to see the flames

from the window,' and I went to look out. It was as dark as possible, and the air felt heavy and sultry. It seemed as if a storm was gathering on the mountain. It was impossible to discern the position of the village, except by the mournful sound of the alarm-bell, which fell on the ear with an ominous significance. I could see nothing in the thick darkness, except a multitude of lights moving in the same direction. These were the pine-wood torches carried by the peasantry. They were evidently advancing towards the castle in great numbers, and I was watching this procession with some anxiety when the Baron rushed into the room, with a gun in his hand, one of those heavy muskets formerly used in sieges.

'It is a regular sedition, an attack with armed force,' he said, with a mixture of self-possession and anger. 'There are four or five hundred of them yelling and hooting on the other side of the moat in front of the gate.' 'But what do they want, I wonder?' the Baronne said, without much distressing herself. 'Who knows?' he replied. 'Choiset went to the wicket to speak to them, but they only shouted more furiously, and instead of stating their grievances, if they have any, they keep screaming, 'The abbat, the abbat,' just as if we had kept him prisoner. Some of them have guns, but the greater number are armed only with piceaxes and ploughshares. There is no danger of their taking us by storm. I am only afraid of one thing, which is that it should occur to them to surprise us on this side by the postern gate.'

'Would that be possible?' asked the Baronne, beginning to take alarm. He nodded affirmatively, and exclaimed, with an oath — 'But I undertake to defend that entrance. The first man that appears I shoot down as a dog, and in like manner as many as shall follow, one by one.' 'O my God, my God!' cried his wife, lifting up her hands, 'and my daughter?' 'You must bring her here,' the Baron replied. 'It is from the balcony of her room that I must watch the postern gate.' 'Have you any directions to give me?' I asked. 'Come with me,' he briefly replied.

'Madame de Malpiere took a candle, and we followed her along the passage which led to her daughter's room. 'She must be fast asleep,' she said, 'and her door is always locked inside, but I have my master-key, in my pocket. I often go in for a moment to look at her sleeping.' She opened the door, and at a glance I took in the principal features of the room. The bed, which had no canopy, was covered with a white counterpane. A large woollen

curtain was drawn before the window. Over the mantle-piece, which faced the door, there was an old looking-glass, and at its foot the little figure the Baron had found in his game-bag. At the same time I perceived that Mdlle. de Malpiere was not in her apartment. 'She is not here!' exclaimed the Baronne. 'What on earth has become of her?'

"My blood ran cold at these words. I remembered the figure I had seen gliding under the window, the light step I had heard in the boudoir, the strange emotion I had felt, the threat implied in the words, which had been ringing in my ears for the last few hours, 'You shall soon know.' Then, like a flash of lightning, passed through my mind the thought of what the Baron had said of the cries of the mob clamouring for the abbat. A cold sweat started on my brow. I felt paralyzed from head to foot, and whilst a hasty search was made all over the castle for Mdlle. de Malpiere, I stood rooted to the spot, feeling a horrible certainty that I should never see her again. The Baron came back, looking as pale as death. 'She has been carried off,' he said, in a hoarse voice. 'We must rescue her or die.' 'I follow you,' I cried, but with despair in my heart. The words had scarcely passed my lips when my eyes fell on a letter, which was lying on a table in a corner of the room. I pointed it out to Madame de Malpiere, who seized it and exclaimed, 'Read, monsieur, read. It is my daughter's handwriting; it is directed to you.'

"The Baron opened the letter, and an appalling change came over his face. He read it to the end, gave it into my hand, staggered, and fell heavily on the floor. His wife knelt by him, and called wildly for help. The servants came rushing in. By the time he recovered his senses I had read these words:—

"SIR,—The moment is come when everything must be known, when the secrets of my heart must be revealed. I have given my love, I have pledged my hand to a man who, according to the ideas of the world, is not my equal. I love him because he possesses all the virtues of his humble condition, truthfulness, honesty, morality and simplicity. I am not afraid of poverty with him; his hardy frame is inured to labour. He will share with me the bread earned by the sweat of his brow. If I fly with him to the honourable shelter of his virtuous parents' roof, it is because an odious tyrannical despotism has driven me to this extremity. It is to escape the horrible misery of being forced into a marriage I abhor. On that account I claimed his protection, and placed myself under his care.

Do not think that you can drag me from the refuge I have chosen. Thousands of strong arms and of brave hearts will encircle the peasant's bride, and save the noble's daughter from the tyranny which would constrain her to wed a man she does not love. If you would save my honour, if you would secure for the child you once called your own, though now you may curse and disown her, an unblemished name, send me your written consent to my marriage with François Pinatel, that I may become in the eyes of the world the lawful wife of the man with whom I have not feared to fly in the dead of night, to whom I shall have pledged my faith in the presence of a multitude, and whom I never will forsake in life or death. I cannot expect that you, sir, and my poor mother will forgive me now, but the day will come when you will do so.

"The Baron turned towards me with a calmness more fearful than the most violent burst of passion, and said, 'She must marry that man. I shall send my written consent, and when that paper is signed and gone, then I shall be childless, and forget that I ever had a daughter.' After a pause he added, in a tone which even at this distance of time I cannot call to mind without shuddering, 'Cursed be the day when she was born! Cursed be the day when God in His anger raised her from amongst the dead! Accursed be her life in this world and in the —' 'Oh, do not say in the next,' cried the wretched mother, putting her hand over his mouth. She, too, had read the letter, and, wringing her hands, she kept repeating, 'My girl is mad; my poor girl is gone out of her mind!'

"What a terrible night we went through! Everything in me seemed crushed and annihilated. Transports of rage shook me to pieces at one moment, and vague feelings of remorse and pity tortured me the next. The Baron, unable to endure the cries of his wife, who was falling every moment into hysterics, followed me to my room. His grief was gloomy and silent. He walked up and down the room in a restless manner, and sometimes went to the window, as if to breathe. Every noise outside the castle had subsided; evidently the popular excitement was allayed by some unexpected circumstance. The peasants were no longer clamouring before the entrance-gate.

"Between twelve and one o'clock Choiset came into the room, and said, with tears in his eyes, 'Forgive me, Monsieur le Baron, if I venture to disturb you, but Madame la Baronne has had a long fainting-fit. We were almost afraid she would die, but now she is a little better, and has gone into her room. She asks to see you and Monsieur le Comte.'

"We went down stairs together. As soon as she saw us Madame de Malpiere threw herself on her knees before her husband, and in a voice broken by sobs, cried out, 'Monsieur, I cannot, I will not abandon her. You must take pity on that poor deluded child. You must let me go to her; it is my duty, it is my right. I must save her from that horrible wretch. She will soon repent of her fault; then I shall hide her in some convent, and shut myself up with her. Religion bids us be merciful. It teaches us that the greatest offences can be expiated by repentance.'"

"'Repentance can win forgiveness at God's hands,' the Baron replied, 'but it cannot wipe away shame. Our name and our house can never brook disgrace.'

"'Long and vainly the poor woman pleaded in accents of vehement grief, which thrilled through my own bruised and miserable heart. The Baron continued unmoved. 'Nothing,' he said, 'can efface this shame or redeem the past. There is no option, no possible course to be followed but one. The unfortunate girl has chosen her lot, and she must abide by it. She must marry the man she has eloped with, and be to us as if she had never existed.'

"Thus we spent the night, and the dawning light found us sitting together in the same place, pale, broken-hearted, utterly wretched. Early in the morning the Baron wrote and sent his consent to his daughter's marriage. As she was not yet of age it could not otherwise have taken place.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EMIGRES.

"THE violent agitation I had gone through, and the struggles I had made not to give way to the excess of my grief before Mlle. de Malpiere's parents, brought on a state of physical suffering and mental prostration which occasioned great anxiety to those about me, and gave them reason to apprehend that I was seriously ill. Alarming symptoms soon showed themselves; and on the following day the doctor pronounced me to be at death's door. I have preserved only a confused recollection of what took place whilst I was lying in bed with a burning fever and often light-headed. The only thing I distinctly recollect is being haunted by the same continual hallucination. I kept fancying myself a child who had just died, and that I was placed in a coffin and carried along accompanied by funeral chants. The procession stopped at the Pass of Malpiere, and then I opened my eyes, lifted up my shroud, and

gazed on the blue sky. This feeling of being dead and coming to life again was incessantly re-occurring in my excited imagination, and I passed alternately from a state of physical prostration to one of violent excitement. At last, however, nature triumphed. I sat up one day, looked about me, and saw a woman sitting by my bedside. It was Madame de Malpiere, but I did not know her again at first, for she wore neither patches or rouge. The Baron and she had never left me day or night, and certainly I owed my life, under God, to their devoted care. My illness had lasted six weeks, and the doctor, who came from D——, had often declared that he did not expect me to live through the night. This doctor was a sharp, clever little old man. He had not been deceived as to the cause of my illness, and, as soon as he perceived that I was beginning to recover consciousness and memory, he said to me before Madame de Malpiere, 'The air of these mountains is too keen for my patient. Moreover, we must bear in mind that the winter here lasts for eight months consecutively, and that it is likely that the snow will soon begin to fall and to make the roads impassable. My opinion is, that M. Champaubert ought at once to set off. Though he is very weak, I am not afraid of the journey for him. If he cannot ride well, nothing is easier than to carry him in a litter.' I moved in a restless manner, and moaned. The effort I had made to sit up had been too much for my feeble strength, and my thoughts began to wander again. 'Yes, doctor,' I murmured, 'you will come with me. We shall rest on the snow at the Pass of Malpiere, and you will leave me there.' 'No, no; we shall go on further,' he hastened to reply. 'You will go to your father, who is expecting you.' 'My father!' I said, suddenly struck with a new thought. 'Does he know that I am ill? Has he written?' Madame de Malpiere looked anxiously at the doctor, as if uncertain what answer to give. 'Tell him everything, madame,' he replied. 'Speak to him of the letter M. le Baron received.' 'A few lines only,' she said, bending over me. 'A few lines written by your father himself. He is quite well, and in a place of safety; but terrible things have happened.' The Baron came in at that moment, and it was he who gave me an account of the horrible days, the 5th and 6th of October. My father had taken part in all that then took place. After accompanying the royal family to Paris, subsequently to their unhappy attempt at flight, he had gone home only for a few hours, and on the following day went

into voluntary exile. He had emigrated, and it was at Turin he was expecting me to join him.

"The doctor hoped that these terrible tidings would serve to divert the current of my thoughts from the one besetting idea which was destroying me. And it did so happen that the shock which this intelligence gave me turned away my attention from my own sufferings, and gave me a sudden energy. I raised myself a little in the bed, and leaning my elbow on the pillow, listened to the accounts in the public papers, which the Baron had received at the same time as my father's letter, and which he read aloud to me. The description of the horrible scenes of which they gave me the details absorbed all my attention, and for a quarter of an hour I forgot where I was, and the havoc which my unfortunate passion had made in my whole being. I forgot Mdlle. de Malpiere. But before the Baron had finished reading, my eyes unfortunately fell on a little green branch, the leaves of which showed themselves against one of the window-panes. It was a sprig of periwinkle that Mdlle. de Malpiere had stuck into her sash one afternoon, and which I had taken possession of when she threw it away, faded and broken, into a corner of the dining-room. The poor slip had taken root, and its light green leaves were beginning to rise above the edge of the flower-pot in which I had placed it, like some rare plant. Instantly my throbbing head fell back on the pillow, and I sank into a bitter train of thought. The Baron read on, but it was no longer what I heard which made my blood boil with indignation, or filled my eyes with tears. The old doctor perceived this sudden change, and said in a decided manner, 'Well, sir, we must be off to-morrow.'

"That same evening, Madame de Malpiere was sitting alone by my bedside. I hardly know with what kind of expression I looked at her as I thought of one whose name I would not utter, but the poor woman burst into tears, and said in a low voice, 'I mourn over her as if she were dead.' No other explanation took place between us. The wound in my heart was so sore and so deep that I was afraid of increasing my sufferings by touching upon it. I felt that there were things I could not hear mentioned and live.

"At about twelve o'clock that night, the Baron and his wife withdrew, after having affectionately squeezed my hand. Mdlle. Boinet lingered for a moment in my room, and wished me good night with a sorrowful expression, not at all usual to her. 'Good night,' I said; 'à revoir to-morrow.' She

put her handkerchief to her eyes, and went out without speaking. I remained alone with the maid-servant, who was to sit up with me that night. Hitherto the Baron had slept in my room, not choosing to rely on any one but himself for the minute watching my dangerous illness required. The stout good-natured girl established herself close to my bedside, with her hands folded under her handkerchief. As I did not fall asleep immediately, she began in her *patois* a sort of unintelligible soliloquy. I gathered from it, however, that she was lamenting over my departure, and that of her master and mistress. The monotonous sound of her voice ended by lulling me to rest. My weary, burning eyes at last closed themselves, and for the first time I slept soundly for several consecutive hours.

"When I awoke the following morning it was broad daylight, and the exhilarating rays of the rising sun made their way into every part of my room, the doors and windows of which were wide open. The doctor was already standing by the side of my bed. 'Come, come!' he said in a cheerful manner, 'you are much better. We must take advantage of this beautiful day and start in an hour.' I suffered myself to be dressed as a child, and leaning on the arm of this kind man I tried to walk a few steps, but I was so weak I could not get as far as the door. 'Never mind,' he said, encouragingly, as he led me back to my arm-chair. 'I have ordered a good litter to be got ready, with thick curtains, and you will be very comfortable. It is at the bottom of the stairs. If you cannot walk, we shall carry you down.' 'I must first take leave of the Baron and Madame de Malpiere,' I said, with a choking sensation in my throat. He answered, 'They have spared you the pain of that parting. It would have been an additional trial, which you are not in a state to bear. For several days everything has been prepared for their departure. They only waited till you could be pronounced out of danger, and this very night they have left the castle.' 'For any long time?' I asked, quite startled at this information. 'Most likely forever,' he sadly replied. 'They emigrate.'

"I was carried down to the litter almost fainting, and allowed myself to be conveyed away without asking where I was going, without casting one look behind me. The doctor accompanied me on horseback. When we arrived at the Pass of Malpiere he dismounted and opened the curtains of my litter. The open air had revived me. I raised my head and gazed on the melancholy view. The lengthening shadows of

the rock had already reached the confines of the gorge. The torrent was brawling in its deep bed, and the yellow autumnal leaves strewing the path. A little bird hopped on the stone where Mdlle. de Malpiere's coffin had rested, and its joyful twitter mingled with the roaring noise of the imprisoned waters. I hid my face in my hands, with a low moan. The doctor bent over me and anxiously inquired how I felt. I pressed his hand, which had taken hold of mine, and made a sign to him to close the curtains. The sight of that place made me feel faint and giddy. My head reeled, and I was seized with a wild desire to throw myself into the abyss and end my life beneath the cold waves of that foaming stream. This sort of delirium ceased as we began to descend the mountain on the other side, when I felt the softer air blowing in my face and the southern sun warming my benumbed limbs. It was thus I departed from a spot where, in a short space of time, I had enjoyed the most transporting dream of happiness, and suffered the most severe pangs that the human heart can undergo.

"Eight days afterwards I arrived at Turin, where I found my father. The doctor, who had accompanied me so far, was then obliged at once to return to the little town where he lived. This separation affected me, for I had become attached to him as to a friend whose skill and penetration had been the means of saving my life. Another absurd, strange feeling, which I would hardly acknowledge to myself, made me also regret his departure. He knew Mdlle. de Malpiere; he could have talked to me of her. Just before he went away I had a weak return of passionate tenderness, and, taking him apart, I said, in a faltering voice: 'Who knows what is the fate of that unhappy girl? I implore you to make some inquiries about her. Perhaps she may have changed her mind at the last moment and left that man. What, in that case, would become of her? Her parents have disowned and cast her off. There would be no one to lend her a helping hand, should she wish to retrace her steps. This thought makes me miserable. I would give my life to save her — to take her away from that man.' The doctor looked at me with a compassionate expression of countenance, and briefly replied: 'Believe me — forget her. It is nothing to you now whether she is happy or unhappy; she has the fate she chose for herself.'

"My father did not put any questions to me, and I said nothing to him. By a kind of tacit agreement we avoided every allusion to the fatal project of marriage which

took me to the Castle of Malpiere and to the time I spent there. Once, however, my father broke through that silence. It was at the end of the year 1792. We had just arrived at Ostend, where a great number of *émigrés* were preparing, like me, to cross over to England, but I did not seek them out, and whilst my father went to visit some old friends I remained alone at the hotel. I remember that the day was closing in, and the intensely melancholy feeling with which I watched the snow-flakes slowly falling and whitening the roofs of the neighbouring houses, the high-pointed gables of which stood out in dark relief against the pale grey sky. My father came in with a sorrowful countenance, and seated himself by the fire without speaking. This made me feel anxious, for at that time life was made up of incessant fears, and the event generally more than justified the worst apprehensions. 'Any news from France?' I asked, trembling at what the answer might be. My father shook his head, and with a manner of great depression said — 'I have just heard of the death of an old friend. You knew him, Maximin, and although it was under very painful circumstances that your intimacy ended, I am sure you will feel his death very much.' 'You mean that the Baron de Malpiere is dead,' I exclaimed. 'Yes, he was carried off suddenly within the last few days,' my father answered. 'He had been living here some time in a state bordering on destitution.' 'And Madame de Malpiere?' I asked. 'Was she with him? have you seen her?' He shook his head sadly. 'What, is she, too, dead?' I cried. 'She died a good while ago of a broken heart, I think,' my father said in a low voice. 'The Baron had no one with him in his last moments except a poor servant of his wife's, who had latterly supported him by her work. When I heard all this I tried to find her out. I should have liked to have done something for that faithful creature, but she is gone; she went back to France.'

"We sat on some time in silence. At last I said to my father — 'And Mdlle. de Malpiere — do you know what has become of her?' He hesitated a moment, and then replied, in a way that seemed intended to stop any further questions, 'The family of Malpiere is now quite extinct.'

"From that day to this I never uttered again Mdlle. de Malpiere's name, and my father may have thought that I had forgotten her, but it was not so. The remembrance of that first and only affection dwelt in my heart throughout all the years of my youth, and, I am almost ashamed to add,

even in a more advanced period of life stood in the way of my marrying. And now I cannot look at that picture without emotion. The sight of it makes my poor old heart thrill as it used to do years ago. The brightest and the most terrible days I have known rise again before me."

CHAPTER IX.

THE HOME OF THE PINATELS.

M. DE CHAMPAUBERT leant his elbow on the table, sighed deeply, and, pouring out a glass of sherry, drank it off. My uncle, who had with difficulty followed all these romantic metaphysics, ejaculated — "You were really very unfortunate in your first love." As to me, my heart was bursting with indignation. I could not take my eyes off Mdlle. de Malpiere's picture, and when the Marquis had finished his story I murmured, with a kind of scornful rage, "That abbat she was so fond of must be by this time a horrid, wrinkled old peasant, bent half double, I daresay, and dressed in tattered clothes. I should like to see him now."

Whilst M. de Champaubert had been speaking Babelou had looked in at the door more than once. When his narrative came to an end she glided into the room, and going up to the back of my uncle's arm-chair, she whispered in his ear that M. le Curé was come, and asked for a bed, as he was in the habit of doing now and then.

"By all means," cried Dom Gêrusac; "he is most welcome. Where is he?"

"In the kitchen, drying his cassock," Babelou replied. "There was a heavy shower, just now, and it is soaked through and through."

The rain was indeed streaming down the window-panes, and the temperature even in the house had become sensibly colder.

"Throw some faggots on the fire," Dom Gêrusac said; "we are freezing here. And get us some more coffee; you know M. le Curé likes it very hot."

"My dear Maximin," he added, "you will let me introduce to you the Abbé Lambert, a worthy Priest, who has been for fifteen years Curé of Malpiere."

"I shall be very glad to make his acquaintance," the Marquis eagerly answered. And whilst my uncle went to look after his new guest, he said to me, "M. le Curé must, I think, know something as to the fate of the family of Malpiere. He must have heard people talk about them and their misfortunes. Have you ever asked him any questions on the subject?"

"Yes, I have, monseigneur," I answered,

getting very red, "but he seemed to know nothing about it. Perhaps it was out of a feeling of charity, and because he wished people to forget Mdlle. de Malpiere's disgraceful history."

The Abbé Lambert came in with my uncle. His old cassock was still very damp, and the marks which his heavy shoes left on the floor showed that he had been trudging on foot in roads full of clayey mud. But he was in nowise ashamed of his poor appearance, and it was in a manner equally free from embarrassment or familiarity that he returned the greetings of our distinguished guest, who received the old village Priest with as much respect as if he had been a dignitary of the Church, made way for him by his side close to the fire, and stirred up the blaze of the faggots, in order that the poor, worn-out cassock might be effectually dried.

"My dear Curé, I am delighted that your flock is scattered over these mountains and valleys," said Dom Gêrusac with a smile. "We should not have had the pleasure of seeing you to-night if you had not had some parishioners to visit in this neighbourhood."

"Yes, indeed," he replied, with somewhat of sadness in his tone. "It is a case requiring my ministry that brought me here to-night, a pressing sick-call, and I was afraid of being too late. It is a long walk from Malpiere here, and in this stormy weather the torrents may swell at any moment, so as to impede the way."

After the Abbé Lambert had dried his clothes and drunk a cup of coffee, M. de Champaubert began discreetly to sound him as to the time of his arrival in those parts, and the reports he might have happened to hear concerning the former lords of the soil. The Abbé Lambert seemed aware of the interest which prompted M. de Champaubert to make these inquiries, and he spared him the necessity of more direct questioning by saying, in a grave, sad voice —

"When I came here, about sixteen years ago, the family of Malpiere was almost forgotten. Even the melancholy event which preceded their departure was hardly ever alluded to."

"But you know of it," exclaimed the Marquis. "You have heard of the only daughter of the late Baron, Mdlle. de Malpiere?"

The good old priest raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and said, in an earnest and impressive manner, — "May God have mercy on the soul of that poor woman! And you must also forgive her; she has atoned for her sins by severe sufferings."

"You have been yourself acquainted

with Mdlle. de Malpierre," interrupted M. de Champaubert, greatly agitated; "you can tell me what has been the end of her unhappy life."

"It is a shocking history," murmured the Abbé Lambert, shaking his head, as if beginning to hesitate about recalling that painful remembrance. But the Marquis would take no denial, and he then said—"I little thought where and in what company I should relate the history of that poor sinner. God, in his mysterious providence, has, I suppose, thus ordained it." He paused for a minute or two, and then went on—

"At the time of Mdlle. de Malpierre's elopement, I was Curé of St. C—, a little village of Provence, in the diocese of Aix. François Pinatel's family lived in that place. He went by the name of the abbat, because in all the village *fêtes* he was leader or prince of the young men. The Pinatels belonged to that old race of peasantry which, for three or four hundred years, have been in possession from father to son, of a piece of ground of their own, and cultivated it themselves. The mother, an honest, hard-working woman, with a sharp eye after profits and gain, managed the household. She had married her eldest son to a girl who had for her portion a plot of ground worth about a thousand crowns, and she lived on very comfortable terms with her daughter-in-law. She came one day to tell me the news of her second son's marriage with Mdlle. de Malpierre. The widow Pinatel was by no means dazzled by this noble alliance. 'Everything is not gold that glitters,' she said. 'Not a word has been breathed about a marriage portion; and as the parents will not see or speak to the girl, it is most likely they will disinherit her. It is not in any way a marriage that suits us. What shall we do at home with this fine young lady? Does she think that we are going to be her humble servants? I can tell her it will be no such thing. And what a figure she will look amongst us in her smart gowns! They will laugh at us in the village, and I shall be almost ashamed of being seen with her. For my part, I have no opinion of those handsome women. They are always thinking of their faces and their dress. There is not a bit of use in them. I am certain my eldest son, when he comes home, will be out of sorts about this marriage. But it is of no good talking; François brought her to the farm, and there was nothing for it but to get them married. But I wish with all my heart, that I do, that this mademoiselle had never darkened our doors.' I did all I

could to make her look on her son's marriage in a different light, and to persuade her to welcome with a more Christian spirit the young stranger who had become a member of her family. But though a good woman, as the world goes, Madame Pinatel had none of the religious principles which would have made her susceptible of the sort of feelings I tried to instil into her, and all my efforts were useless.

"Just at that time I was summoned to Aix by the Bishop for a work which had been begun the year before, and which he wished me to finish under his eyes. I was absent from my parish about two months, and it was near Christmas when I came home. I arrived late one evening, having walked part of the way, and as a cold drizzling rain was beginning to fall, I hastened towards the dwelling-place of the Pinatels, which stood on the roadside about a mile from the village. Their house was a large, ill-constructed building, the walls of which had never been plastered. Properly speaking, it had neither sides nor front. The windows seemed to have been made here and there without any definite plan, and were without panes or blinds. The entrance-door opened upon a sort of yard, encumbered with rubbish, piles of brushwood, and heaps of manure. There was not a tree about the house, or the least appearance of a garden. In summer a burning sun turned the outside of this habitation into a furnace; and in the winter the icy mistral blew in unopposed through the rotten boards of the old outside shutters. It was very dark, and as I was crossing the yard, feeling my way with my stick, I heard somebody before me exclaiming, 'François, is that you at last? I advanced and named myself, upon which the person who had spoken turned abruptly round towards the house, and disappeared. I pushed open the door which stood ajar, and passing through the stable, entered the room where the family usually sat. It was a tolerably large apartment, but so dark and smoky that at first it was difficult to discern anything in it. The widow Pinatel's bed was in one corner, screened from sight by curtains of yellow serge. Her great wooden cupboard, always carefully locked up, stood opposite to three or four shelves, upon which the crockery and the saucepans were placed in great array. The wall was adorned with the pewter dishes won by the abbat, and some of the household provisions were always hanging against it.

"When I walked in, the family was sitting round a table upon which was lying a large heap of wheat. The grains were be-

ing sifted one by one for the purpose of removing the mildew, which is apt to spoil the flour. This occupation was carried on by the dim light of a snuffly lamp, and they all applied themselves to this ant-like labour with extraordinary activity. When I appeared, Madame Pinatel got up and said, 'Oh dear! you have had to cross the stable without a light, M. le Curé. We never heard you coming. You found the door open, then?' 'There was somebody in the yard,' I replied; 'I think it was your new daughter-in-law looking out for her husband.' The widow shrugged her shoulders, and the eldest son muttered between his teeth, 'In that case she is likely to spend the night out of doors.' 'Is François gone up to the mountain?' I asked, thinking it possible that he might have been to Malpierre, where great damage had been done after the Baron's departure. It was reported that the peasants had pillaged the castle and burnt part of the buildings. 'What business would he have there?' replied the widow; 'he is gone in another direction. You see, M. le Curé, he is a lad that can never stay long together at home. He is gone to amuse himself at the fair at Apt.' I sat down in the post of honour, under the projecting chimney-piece. Two small logs were slowly burning on the hearth, and though the hour of supper was past, an enormous iron pot was still simmering amidst the ashes. The Provençal peasants' idea of politeness is to take upon themselves the whole burden of conversation, so that their visitors should not be at the trouble of answering. The eldest Pinatel accordingly began to descant upon the drought, which had been unfavourable for the sowing, and on the extraordinary size of two fat pigs which he had sold at the last fair of Saint C—. Whilst he was giving me every kind of detail on this subject, his young sister-in-law silently slipped into the room, and seated herself in the corner of the chimney opposite to me; her clothes were wet, and she was shivering with cold. 'Do not leave, another time, the door open when you go out in the evening, daughter-in-law,' the widow Pinatel said to her in a sharp tone of voice. 'How can I come in again if I shut it behind me?' she replied, with a scowl on her face. No one took any further notice of her. The eldest son went on with his account of the sale of his pigs. The other brothers had also their say in the matter, and an animated discussion arose as to the size and weight of the animals. In the meantime I was looking at the young wife with a mixture of curiosity and compassion. She was

dressed like Madame Pinatel, in a brown drugget petticoat, and her cap of printed calico tied under her chin entirely concealed her hair. The white smoothness of her face was so remarkable that it almost seemed made of marble. She made up the fire a little, shivering all the time in her wet clothes, and holding her head down, as if afraid that I should speak to her. Seeing this was the case, I did not say a word, and even took care not to look at her any more. But I threw into the hearth some logs that were lying near me, and moved a little aside the iron pot, that she might put her feet on the ashes. When she had warmed herself, she leant back against the wall with her arms crossed over her chest, and closed her eyes like a person who dozes overpowered with fatigue. The rain continued to fall, and I stayed on till late in the evening. During all that time the young woman never moved, nor opened her eyes. At last, just as I was going away, thinking the bad weather would last all the night, somebody whistled in the yard, and the house-dog ran to the door wagging his tail. 'It is François!' exclaimed the young woman, starting up and rushing to meet her husband.

'The others did not move. The widow Pinatel, casting a glance at the place her daughter-in-law had just left, muttered, 'I only hope she has kept the soup warm.'

'A moment afterwards the abbat came in, and throwing his stick and heavy woollen cloak into a corner, said in a cheery manner, 'Good evening to you all. M. le Curé, how do you do?—and you, mother, is it all right with you?' 'Well, I suppose one must always say yes to that,' she answered; 'and you, son, how do you feel yourself?' 'Why, not amiss as times go,' he cried; and then, patting his stomach, added with a loud laugh, 'but I daresay better soon.' 'You have had no supper?' asked his mother. 'Then come and sit down here;' she made room for him by her side at the table, and turning to his wife said, 'Come, daughter-in-law, get your husband's supper.' The young woman did as she was bid, and fetched a large loaf of brown bread, and a basonful of soup with vegetables. Unfortunately, the soup was cold, which made the abbat cross and the widow angry. 'My gracious!' she exclaimed; 'what have you been about? It is really enough to make one laugh to see a person of your age who cannot learn to keep a pot boiling on the fire. It is lucky that everybody here is not so helpless as you,' she added, glancing approvingly at her favourite daughter-in-law. 'When my

eldest son comes home, he always finds his wife hard at work, and something hot and snug by the fire for his supper. If you want to be a good housewife, you had better learn a lesson from your sister-in-law.'

"As long as François does not complain, you have no business to find fault with me," she answered in an arrogant tone. I hastened to say that it was my fault if the abbat's supper was cold; that I had meddled with the saucepan. 'François will excuse it,' I added; 'I shall not be so stupid another time.' 'There is nothing to be angry about,' he said to the two women; 'the soup is very well as it is. So all is for the best; let us hear no more about it. Do you know that the fair turned out a poor concern after all? There were neither buyers nor sellers, and not a creature with so much as a piece of five francs in his pocket. And then the weather turned cold yesterday. Snow fell on the Luberon, and I had to come back through roads where a

dog would not like to travel. I was ankle deep in mud all the time, and my feet are like icicles.' 'Make haste then, and put some hot ashes in your shoes,' the widow Pinatel cried; 'there is nothing like it to prevent a chill.'

"Here, wife," the abbat said, taking off his thick, hob-nailed shoes, the leather of which was covered with a thick coating of frozen mud; 'take my shoes and manage it for me.' She scraped off the mud without saying a word, put in each shoe a shovelful of ashes, and brought them back to her husband.

"Seeing her so humbled and so cruelly punished for her fault, I could not but hope that she would have recourse to those religious consolations which alone could support and strengthen her amidst the many trials which must necessarily await her, and I went away praying and trusting that her soul would turn to God, and seek peace in His love and service.

From The Quarterly Review.
THE BYRON MYSTERY.*

THE controversy raised by Mrs. Beecher Stowe's pretended discovery and revelation, has excited an unprecedented amount of interest at home and abroad. The fair fame of Lord Byron is dear to all admirers of his genius in both hemispheres; and his personality is so mixed up and blended with his poetry, that to blacken his moral character is to lower his literary reputation and excite a mischievous prejudice against his works. A number of minor questions, critical, moral, and social, is involved; and a great deal of curious information, well worth preserving, has been elicited in the shape of scattered letters and desultory notices. For these (amongst other) reasons we think that a complete summary and analysis of the controversy are imperatively required, and will not be deemed out of place in these pages.

If we had any doubts or scruples about the course to be pursued, they would be removed by the views and language of an influential portion of the press, which nothing short of searching investigation and unsparing exposure can counteract. Whilst one organ of opinion declared that a black

mark had been set for all time to come against Byron's most perfect poems, and intimated a doubt whether it would be consistent with fine feeling or propriety ever to open his works again,—another regretted that, since so crushing an exposure was to come, it had not come in time to benefit the generation that read him, and took an interest in him, instead of being delayed till his fame and influence have passed away.

Now, no man of matured understanding, moderately versed in European and transatlantic literature, would hesitate to declare that Byron stands immeasurably higher for world-wide fame and influence than any living English poet; and there is something almost ludicrous to our minds in testing genius by morality. Are we not to relish Sterne because he preferred "whining over a dead ass, to relieving a dying mother?" or Rousseau, because, whilst expatiating on parental love, he sent his illegitimate children to a foundling hospital? or Alfieri, because he committed adultery with Lady Lionier? or Dante, because he exalted his early love, Beatrice, far, far above "*la fiera moglie*," his wife? or Milton, because (according to Johnson) he was a harsh father, and drove the first Mrs. Milton from his house? David Deans would not take physic from a doctor who "had not a right sense of the right-hand and left-hand defections of the day." Miles Peter Andrews (as record-

* Macmillan's Magazine. September, 1869.
Fifth Edition. Art. I. *The True Story of Lady Byron's Life*. By Harriet Beecher Stowe.

ed by Boswell) could see no fun in a man who owed him three guineas. The sensitive journalist can derive no pleasure from Byron's poetry, since the terrible disclosure of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and almost feels that he shall never open his works again. It will, therefore, be a kind and good deed to take "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" out of quarantine and fumigate them for family use. To do this effectually, to clear up a mystery which deeply affects the happiness of the living as well as the reputation of the dead, we must venture into a tainted atmosphere and handle things it is disagreeable to touch; but the critical tribunal resembles ordinary tribunals in this respect: conventional rules of delicacy must give way when truth and justice are at stake.

Moore, who had the best possible information, and was best qualified to interpret any doubtful allusions in the journals and letters, says: "With respect to the causes that may be supposed to have led to this separation, it seems needless, with the character of both parties before our eyes, to go in quest of any very remote or mysterious reasons for it." This was, and is, the only rational and consistent theory. The case of this ill-assorted pair was a clear, undeniable, inevitable one of incompatibility. Each had fixed habits and modes of thought which neither was disposed to give up. They were both accustomed to have their own way. Each possessed no common amount of self-consciousness and self-esteem. His was the genuine poetic temperament, which required soothing, and could not bear argument or contradiction. It was impossible for him to get on with a reasoning, strictly reasonable wife, who made no allowance for the caprice or waywardness of genius, and was resolved on being always in the right. Granting that, in the minor differences which preceded the decisive one, she *was* always in the right, this does not much mend the matter. It was not the less evident that if, instead of making the best of the situation, she aggravated it by remonstrance or reproach, a catastrophe was inevitable sooner or later. There was some domestic sparring, no doubt. But there is ample evidence in his familiar letters that he was much attached to her, and that he accepted her (with his notions and habits) uncongenial part of husband in good faith. Their only daughter was "the child of love, though born in bitterness." Three weeks after the ceremony (Feb. 2, 1815) he writes to Moore:—

"Since I wrote last, I have been transferred to my father-in-law, with my lady and my

lady's maid, &c., &c., &c., and the treacle-moon is over, and I am awake, and find myself married. My spouse and I agree to— and in— admiration. Swift says 'no wise man ever married;' but, for a fool, I think it the most ambrosial of all future states. I still think one ought to marry upon lease; but I am very sure I should renew mine at the expiration, though the next term were for ninety-and-nine years. . . . My papa, Sir Ralpho, hath recently made a speech at a Durham tax meeting; and not only at Durham, but here several, several times since, after dinner. He is now, I believe, speaking it to himself (I left him in the middle) over various decanters, which can neither interrupt him nor fall asleep—as might possibly have been the case with some of his audience."

March 8, 1815, from Seaham:—

"We leave this place to-morrow and shall stop on our way to town (in the interval of taking a house there) at Colonel Leigh's, near Newmarket, where any epistle of yours will find its welcome way. I have been comfortable here—listening to that d—d monologue, which elderly gentlemen call conversation, and in which my pious father-in-law repeats himself every evening—save one, when he played upon the fiddle. However, they have been very kind and hospitable, and I like them and the place vastly, and I hope they will live many happy months. Bell is in health, and unvaried good-humour and behaviour. But we are all in the agonies of packing and parting; and I suppose by this time to-morrow I shall be stuck in the chariot with my chin upon a bandbox. I have prepared another carriage for the abigail, and all the trumpery which our wives drag along with them."

The unwonted restraint of the married state becomes more galling as the novelty wears off. He proposes to Moore excursions *without* their wives; he contemplates another journey to the East *alone*: he partially resumes his bachelor habits, his irregular hours and meals, with the solitary musings, the fits of despondency and gloom, by which his wild bursts of mirth were alternated through life. The time of trial for the wedded partner of his cares was come, but if she had really studied and understood his character, she should have been prepared for it:—

"Don Jose and the Donna Inez led

For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt,

"For Inez call'd some druggists, and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was mad,

But as he had some lucid intermissions,
 She next decided he was only *bad* !
 Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,
 No sort of explanation could be had,
 Save that her duty both to man and God
 Required this conduct—which seem'd very
 odd.

"She kept a journal, where his faults were
 noted,
 And open'd certain trunks of books and
 letters,
 All which might, if occasion served, be
 quoted ;
 And then she had all Seville for abettors."

Whilst they were living together in London, curiosity was all alive to discover what he was doing in poetry, and Lady Byron (he complained) was in the habit of rummaging amongst his papers, when he was out, in company with a female friend. In one of these voyages of discovery, they came upon some compromising letters from a married woman to him previous to his marriage; these Lady Byron seized and enclosed to the husband, who threw them into the fire, told his wife he had done so, and took no further notice of them.

His own account of the separation, supplied to Moore, is that she left London on a visit to her father's house, where he was to join her. "They had parted in the utmost kindness. She wrote him a letter, full of playfulness and affection on the road, and immediately on her arrival at Kirby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more." This letter began "Dear Duck," and ended "Yours ever, Pippin:" a name he had given her in reference to the form of her face.

Lady Byron's account is thus introduced by Mrs. Beecher Stowe:—

"A short time after her confinement, she was informed by him in a note, that as soon as she was able to travel she must go, *that he could not and would not longer have her about him*—and when her child was only five weeks old he carried this expulsion into effect.

"Here we will insert briefly Lady Byron's own account—the only one she ever gave to the public—of this separation. *The circumstances under which this brief story was written are affecting.*

"Lord Byron was dead. The whole account between him and her was closed for ever in this world. Moore's memoirs had been prepared, containing simply and solely Lord Byron's own version of their story. Moore sent these memoirs to Lady Byron, and requested to know if she had any remarks to make upon them. In reply, she sent a brief statement to him, the first and only one that had come from her during all the years of the separation, and which ap-

pears to have mainly for its object the exculpation of her father and mother from the charge made by the poet, of being the instigators of the separation."

These alleged circumstances may be affecting, but they are imaginary. Lady Byron's own account, which Mrs. Beecher Stowe proceeds to quote, is comprised in "Remarks on Mr. Moore's Life of Lord Byron by Lady Byron," and written subsequently to the publication of the first volume of that work; as Mrs. Beecher Stowe might have seen from the reference to the printed volume.* It runs thus:—

"In my observations upon this statement, I shall, as far as possible, avoid touching on any matters relating personally to Lord Byron and myself. The facts are:—I left London for Kirby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived in a great measure from the communications made to me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself. *With the concurrence of his family*, I had consulted Dr. Baillie, as a friend (Jan. 8th), respecting the supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, *assuming the fact of mental derangement*; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined, that in correspondence with Lord Byron, I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's conduct towards me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for me, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest, at that moment, a sense of injury."

* These "Remarks" were first printed as a pamphlet for private circulation. They will be found in the Appendix to the Sixth volume of the small octavo edition of Moore's "Life of Byron." The "Life" originally appeared in two volumes quarto; the first was published separately; and in the Preface to the second, Moore alludes to the "Remarks" as "a document which made its appearance soon after the former volume, and which I have annexed without a single line of comment to the present." His account of the separation was in the first volume.

His nearest, his only near, relative was his sister, who was with him when his wife left him. Colonel and Mrs. Leigh, and two or three cousins, constituted his family. Lady Byron proceeds:—

"When I arrived at Kirby Mallory, my parents were unacquainted with the existence of any causes likely to destroy my prospects of happiness; and when I communicated to them the opinion which had been formed concerning Lord Byron's state of mind, they were most anxious to promote his restoration by every means in their power. They assured those relations who were with him in London, that 'they would devote their whole care and attention to the alleviation of his malady,' and hoped to make the best arrangements for his comfort, if he could be induced to visit them. With these intentions, my mother wrote on the 17th to Lord Byron, inviting him to Kirby Mallory. She had always treated him with an affectionate consideration and indulgence, which extended to every little peculiarity of his feelings. Never did an irritating word escape her lips in her whole intercourse with him. The accounts given me after I left Lord Byron by the persons in constant intercourse with him, added to those doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind, as to the reality of the alleged disease, and the reports of his medical attendant were far from establishing the existence of anything like lunacy. Under this uncertainty, I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron's *past conduct* as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient, both to them and myself, to consult the ablest advisers. For that object, and also to obtain still further information respecting the appearances which seemed to indicate mental derangement, my mother determined to go to London. *She was empowered by me to take legal opinions on a written statement of mine, though I had then reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge even of my father and mother.* Being convinced by the result of these enquiries, and by the tenor of Lord Byron's proceeding, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer hesitated to authorize such measures as were necessary, *in order to secure me from being ever again placed in his power.* Conformably with this resolution my father wrote to him on the 2nd of February, to propose an amicable separation. Lord Byron at first rejected this proposal; but when it was distinctly notified to him, that if he persisted in his refusal, recourse must be had to legal measures, he agreed to sign a deed of separation."

The professional advisers were Sir Samuel Romilly, Dr. Baillie, and Dr. Lushington, who came to the conclusion that there were no sufficient proofs of insanity. Two of them showed no lack of zeal:—

"I was surprised one day," says Lord Byron, "by a doctor (Dr. Baillie) and a lawyer (Dr. Lushington) almost forcing themselves at the same time into my room. I did not know till afterwards the real object of their visit. I thought their questions singular, frivolous, and somewhat importunate, if not impertinent; but what should I have thought, if I had known that they were sent to provide proofs of my insanity?"

I do not, however, tax Lady Byron with this transaction; probably she was not privy to it. She was the tool of others."

Dr. Lushington, on Lady Byron's applying to him in January, 1830, wrote her the following letter, which is printed in her "Remarks":—

"MY DEAR LADY BYRON,

"I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country; the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of the aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not on Lady Noel's part, any exaggeration of the facts; nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron; certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was, for the first time, informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely changed: I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it.

"Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"STEPH. LUSHINGTON.

"Great George Street, Jan. 31, 1830."

Now what were these facts? It has been ingeniously argued by a writer who had the good fortune to anticipate Mrs. Beecher Stowe, that they must have involved an extraordinary amount or degree of crime, something worse than "neglect, bitterness, and adultery" put together, and that "although it is worse than useless to speculate upon the precise offence," incest offers the most plausible clue to the mystery. In reference to the statement imputed to Lady Byron in "Don Juan," that her duty both to man and God required this conduct, the same writer argues: "When Dr. Lushington declares reconciliation to be impossible, and that, if attempted, he could take no part in the attempt, professionally or other-

wise, he must be understood to mean that duty both to God and man forbade Lady Byron's return to her husband."

This is a fair specimen of the common mode of reasoning; fallacious in the extreme, but justified in some sort by the original vagueness and attendant mystery of the charge. Its bare adoption, be it what it may, by Dr. Lushington has been deemed tantamount to proof; and no one has so much as noticed the incongruity of Lady Byron's language in her "Remarks" with the language she is known to have used at later periods, or with the language which (if she specified a crime) she must have used in her final consultation with Dr. Lushington. Lady Byron states that "whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's conduct towards her from the time of his marriage," yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for her to manifest at that moment a sense of injury; and that she deemed it right to communicate to her parents that, if she were to consider Lord Byron's "past conduct" as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce her to return to him. It was

* "Temple Bar Magazine," for June, 1869. Article headed "Lord Byron's Married Life." Although ingenious in a special-pleading way, this article abounds in one-sided statements and gratuitous assumptions; as that "neither to the public, nor in his private letters, did he (Byron) profess to be ignorant of the charge against him." In January 1820, Lord Byron informed Lady Byron of his having given Moore his Memoirs for the purpose of their being published after his death, and offered her the perusal of them in case she might wish to confute any of his statements. Her note in answer was:—

"Kirby Mallory, March 10, 1820.

"I received your letter of January 1, offering to my perusal a memoir of part of your life. I decline to inspect it. I consider the publication or circulation of such a composition at any time as prejudicial to Ada's future happiness. For my own sake I have no reason to shrink from publication; but, notwithstanding the injuries which I have suffered, I should lament some of the consequences.

"To Lord Byron."

"A. BYRON."

His reply, forwarded through Moore, was:—

"Ravenna, April 3, 1820.

"I received yesterday your answer dated March 10. My offer was an honest one, and surely could only be construed as such even by the most malignant casuistry. I could answer you, but it is too late, and it is not worth while. To the mysterious menace of the last sentence, whatever its import may be—and I cannot pretend to unriddle it—I could hardly be very sensible, as before it could take place, I shall be where "nothing can touch him further." I advise you, however, to anticipate the period of your intention: for, be assured, no power of figures can avail beyond the present; and if it could, I would answer with the Florentine—

"Ed lo, che posto son con loro in croce
e certo

La fiera moglie, plu ch' altro, mi nuoce.

"To Lady Byron."

"BYRON."

She attempted no rejoinder ("Memoirs, Journals and Correspondence of Thomas Moore." Edited by Earl Russell, vol. iii. p. 115).

his past conduct towards herself, then, of which she complained; and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, assuming to speak on her authority, says:—

"Lord Byron's treatment of his lady during the sensitive period that preceded the birth of the child, and during her confinement, was marked by paroxysms of unmanly brutality, for which the only charity on her part was the supposition of insanity.

"A day or two after the birth of his child, Lord Byron came suddenly into Lady Byron's room, and told her that her mother was dead. It was an utter falsehood, but it was a specimen of the many nameless injuries and cruelties by which he expressed his hatred of her."

Another story was that he fired off a pistol in her room after threatening to shoot himself; and the crowning slander of the time was that he hoped these repeated shocks would prove fatal. Now Lady Byron, when she took professional advice, must have made up her mind to one of two alternatives, either to have him put under medical treatment and restraint, or to separate from him. She says she prepared a written statement, in which sixteen symptoms were mentioned as evidence of insanity. Was the avowal of incest one of them? If not, mark what follows. Remorse for a fancied crime, with constant dread of detection, is a common form of monomania. The wife of a man afflicted by it, in its most aggravated shape, draws up for her mother, with a view to professional advice, a detailed statement of his case, and, in the account of his symptoms omits the capital one, the worst! In allusion to the pistol story, Moore says:—

"For this story there was so far a foundation, that the practice to which he had accustomed himself from boyhood of having loaded pistols always near him at night, was considered so strange a propensity as to be included in that list of symptoms (sixteen, I believe, in number), which were submitted to medical opinion in proof of his insanity. Another symptom was the emotion, almost to hysterics, which he had exhibited on seeing Kean act 'Sir Giles Overreach.' But the most plausible of all grounds, as he himself used to allow, on which these articles of impeachment against his sanity were drawn up, was an act of violence committed by him on a favourite old watch that had been his companion from boyhood and gone with him to Greece. In a fit of vexation and rage, brought on by some of those humiliating embarrassments to which he was now almost daily a prey, he furiously dashed this watch upon the hearth, and ground it to pieces among the ashes with the poker."

From bringing a pistol into his wife's bed-

room, to firing it off, is a step which the female imagination would easily overleap. In one of his letters he tells a story of his getting into a rage one night with an ink-bottle and dashing it through the window into the garden, where it struck against a plaster image of Euterpe, and sadly defaced the Muse. Why was not this added to the list? A good deal was made of his morbid dislike to seeing women eat, — a peculiarity which he had in common with Goethe. But the popular charge which most excited public, especially female, indignation at the time, was based on his Green-room intimacies; and a beautiful actress, Mrs. Mardyn, with whom he had never exchanged a word, narrowly escaped being driven off the stage on his account: —

"Not content with such ordinary and tangible charges (says Moore), the tongue of rumour was emboldened to proceed still further; and, *presuming upon the mysterious silence maintained by one of the parties*, ventured to throw out dark hints and vague insinuations, of which the fancy of every hearer was left to fill up the outline as he pleased."

Telling his own story, in "The Adventures of a Young Andalusian Nobleman" (a fragment), he says: —

"My case was supposed to comprise all the crimes which could, and several which could not, be committed, and little less than an *auto-da-fé* was anticipated as the result."

Few who ever heard of Lady Anne Barnard, her intellectual qualifications, and her social position, will deny that her report of conversations with Lady Byron in 1816, directly after the separation, on its cause or causes, is better deserving of attention than Mrs. Beecher Stowe's account of communications on the same subject, thirty years afterwards. Lady Anne writes: —

"The separation of Lord and Lady Byron astonished the world, which believed him a reformed man as to his habits, and a becalmed man as to his remorses. At that period a severe fit of illness had confined me to bed for two months. I heard of Lady Byron's distress; of the pains he took to give a harsh impression of her character to the world. I wrote to her, and entreated her to come and let me see and hear her, if she conceived my sympathy or counsel could be any comfort to her. She came — but what a tale was unfolded by this interesting young creature who had so fondly hoped to have made a young man of genius and romance (as she supposed) happy! They had not been an hour in the carriage which conveyed them from the church when, breaking into a malignant sneer, 'Oh! what a dupe you have been to your imagination. How is it possible a woman of

your sense could form the wild hope of reforming me? Many are the tears you will shed ere that plan is accomplished. It is enough for me that you are my wife for me to hate you; if you were the wife of any other man I own you might have charms,' &c. I, who listened, was astonished. 'How could you go on after this,' said I, 'my dear? Why did you not return to your father's?' 'Because I had not a conception he was in earnest; because I reckoned it a bad jest, and told him so,—that my opinions of him were very different from his of himself, otherwise he would not find me by his side. He laughed it over when he saw me appear hurt, and I forgot what had passed till forced to remember it. I believe he was pleased with me, too, for a little while. I suppose it had escaped his memory that I was his wife.' But she described the happiness they enjoyed to have been unequal and perturbed. Her situation in a short time might have entitled her to some tenderness, but she made no claim on him for any. He sometimes reproached her for the motives that had induced her to marry him — all was 'vanity, the vanity of Miss Milbanke carrying the point of reforming Lord Byron! He always knew her inducements; her pride shut her eyes to his; he wished to build up his character and his fortunes; both were somewhat deranged; she had a high name and would have a fortune worth his attention,—let her look to that for his motives!' 'O Byron, Byron!' she said, 'how you desolate me!'

"He would then accuse himself of being mad, and throw himself on the ground in a frenzy, which she believed was affected to conceal the coldness and malignity of his heart—an affection which at that time never failed to meet with the tenderest commiseration. I could find by some implications, not followed up by me lest she might have condemned herself afterwards for her involuntary disclosures, that he soon attempted to corrupt her principles both with respect to her own conduct and her latitude for his. She saw the precipice on which she stood, and kept his sister with her as much as possible. He returned in the evenings from the haunts of vice, to which he made her understand he had been, with manners so profligate! 'O the wretch!' said I, 'and had he no moments of remorse?' 'Sometimes he appeared to have them. One night, coming home from one of his lawless parties, he saw me so indignantly collected, and bearing all with such a determined calmness, that a rush of remorse seemed to come over him; he called himself a monster, though his sister was present, and threw himself at my feet. 'I could not — no — I could not forgive him such injuries. He had lost me for ever!' Astonished at the return of virtue, my tears, I believe, flowed over his face, and I said, 'Byron, all is forgotten; never, never shall you hear of it more.' He started up, and, folding his arms while he looked at me, burst into laughter. 'What do you mean,' said I, 'Only a philosophical experiment, that's all,' said he; 'I

wished to ascertain the value of your resolutions.* I need not say more of this prince of duplicity, except that varied were his methods of rendering her wretched, even to the last. When her lovely little child was born, and it was laid beside its mother on the bed, and he was informed 'he might see his daughter,' after gazing at it with an exulting smile, this was the ejaculation that broke from him, 'Oh! what an implement of torture have I acquired in you!'"

This, we should have thought, completely disposes of the specific charge, and must be taken with many grains of allowance in its bearing on the general one. Byron admitted that his wife, who never would or could understand him, might well have mistaken his mystifications (for which he had a morbid fancy) for insanity. But the obvious course, after having been taken in once or twice, was to let him see that he was playing the fool to no purpose and to laugh at him. She should have gone on as she began, when she told him that he was guilty of a bad jest. She might have said, an old one; for it was a French roué of the ante-revolutionary period, Lauzun or Richelieu, who said of his wife a month after marriage, "If she was but another man's wife, how fond I should still be of her!" Byron was annoyed at finding that the lady's maid was to travel in the same carriage; but the expression of annoyance on that account was the reverse of offensive, and the presence of the abigail (if she was present) affords an unanswerable presumption that he said nothing of the kind attributed to him.*

* A correspondent of the "Newcastle Daily Chronicle" has collected some curious information from Mrs. Minns, aged 84, but in full possession of her faculties. She was Lady Byron's maid for several years before the marriage, and (having left her on her own marriage) came back at her particular request to act as her maid during the first period of her married life. She says that the marriage took place by private license in the drawing room at Seaham House; that, after being present at it, she preceded the bride and bridegroom to Hainaby Hall, where they were to pass the honeymoon. She saw the bride alight from the carriage "buoyant and happy as a bride should be"; but in less than three weeks the irregularities of Lord Byron occasioned Lady Byron the greatest distress: and Mrs. Minns recommended her to tell her father. All, however, was passed over and forgotten on their arrival at Seaham, where they spent six weeks. Mrs. Minns says that Lady Byron always spoke of Mrs. Leigh in terms of the deepest affection, often designating her as her best friend. Mrs. Minns solemnly promised never to divulge the nature of Lord Byron's irregularities, and sticks to her promise. She says they had nothing in common with the received imputation, of which she speaks with unmitigated disgust. She does not believe that Mrs. Beecher Stowe had her story from Lady Byron; whose cause she warmly adopts, without speaking harshly of Lord Byron. His irregularities, we believe, were his habit of sitting up all night, going to bed by day, and leaving her to take her meals by herself—distressing, no doubt, to a young bride in her honeymoon.

Again, may not the ejaculation that broke from him on the first sight of his child, have been identical with the reflection in his journal, "What a torture she may be to me!" Or he may have meant nothing more than what he said of his cousin's child, "She will grow up a beauty and a plague." A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it. Lady Byron had no taste for jesting at any time, and, with all her show of candour, did not spare him in the relation of her wrongs. In the case of any other woman, she or her friends would have been asked to explain why she kept her father and mother persistently in the dark? Why she reserved a part of her case from "even" them? Why she sent her mother to London imperfectly instructed? Why she pursued a course a thousand times more damaging and annoying to Lord Byron than a direct and open charge? And (above all) why she persisted in making a mystery of her specific charge, until his death, and his sister's death, the destruction of his autobiography (in which she concurred), and the lapse of time, had destroyed all or most of the direct evidence in refutation of it? What she must have told her parents was more likely to shock and alarm them on her account than what she is asserted to have kept back; we cannot so much as imagine anything that might be told to Dr. Lushington and not be told to them; and when she says in effect that, if the insanity had been established, she would not have resisted a reconciliation on his recovery, she implies that, in such a contingency, the specific crime (whatever it was) would not have prevented her from returning to him.

The additional information supplied to Dr. Lushington did not consist of new facts, that is, of facts new to Lady Byron. It consisted of facts known to her when she first consulted him and kept back till a new light broke in upon her. If this was made clear to Dr. Lushington, we must be permitted to say, with the highest possible respect for the venerable judge, that the course he took is utterly unaccountable to our minds. He is consulted, as are two other eminent professional men, by the mother of a young married woman, and a case carefully based on that young woman's written statement is laid before them. They give opinions which do not suit her views, or do not justify her in acting as she has determined to act; and in a private interview with him she informs him of facts kept back from her parents, which entirely change his opinion, and induce him to lend the full weight of his high authority, private and professional, to blast the reputation of her husband, one of the

three or four most gifted men which England has produced for centuries. Such was not the intention, but such was certainly the effect, of Dr. Lushington's second opinion and confirmed silence.*

If young women of rank and personal attractions, who desire a separation, could always make their case good by the decision, without inquiry or appeal, of a young counsel, many husbands would be in a bad predicament. Dr. Lushington was what is considered young at the Bar in 1816. We are informed that the facts withheld from the father and mother were communicated to a young military man at the same time; and a second mine was thus charged, with the train laid. The young man becomes old and distinguished; he grows into a high authority; he says nothing; but he shakes his head, like Burleigh in the "Critic," and the shake is interpreted by his family and friends to mean something too repulsive to be translated into words.

That their interpretation must be a lamentable mistake, or that Lady Byron is one of the most inexplicable of human beings, is proved by the following letters and extracts, addressed by Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh, now published for the first time. The first, not dated, was evidently written by Lady Byron in January, 1816, shortly before she left for Kirby Mallory, her sister-in-law being then under the same roof with her. Mrs. Leigh remained with Lord Byron in Piccadilly for several weeks after the departure of Lady Byron; and only left him when she found she could be of no further use to either party:—

"You will think me very foolish, but I have tried two or three times and cannot talk to you of your departure with a decent visage — so let me say one word in this way, to spare my philosophy. With the expectations which I have, I never will or never can ask you to stay one moment longer than you are inclined to do. It would [be] the worst return for all I ever received from you. But, in this at least, I am 'truth itself' when I say that whatever the situation may be, there is no one whose society is dearer to me, or can contribute more to my

* Not less than six families (Leeds, Chichester, Lovelace, Conyers, Byron, Leigh) are affected by this and the associate scandals. For this reason (although the language of Lady Byron's "Remarks" and Dr. Lushington's letter leads to an opposite inference), there is great force in the argument that, if the charge had been other than the specified one, Dr. Lushington would at once have relieved so many innocent sufferers from the pain and stain of it. When a client has spoken out, inaccurately or injuriously, the rule of professional confidence is no longer applicable. The same reasoning partially applies to another contemporary confidant, a man of the highest honour, whose family have uniformly stated that, to the best of their belief, the charge was the specified one.

happiness. These feelings will not change under any circumstances, and I should be grieved if you did not understand them. Should you hereafter condemn me, I shall not love you less. I will say no more. Judge for yourself about going or staying. I wish you to consider *yourself*, if you could be wise enough to do that for the first time in your life.

"Thine, A. I. B."

Addressed on the cover "To the Hon. Mrs. Leigh."

"Kirby Mallory, Jan. 16th, 1816.
(the day after she left London).

"MY DEAREST A.,

It is my great comfort that you are in Piccadilly."

"Kirby Mallory, Jan. 23rd, 1816.

"DEAREST A.,

"I know you feel for me as I do for you, and perhaps I am better understood than I think. You have been, ever since I knew you, my best comforter, and will so remain, unless you grow tired of the office, which may well be."

"Jan. 25th, 1816.

"MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,

"Shall I still be your sister? I must resign my rights to be so considered; but I don't think that will make any difference in the kindness I have so uniformly experienced from you."

"Kirby Mallory, Feb. 3rd, 1816.

"MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,

"You are desired by your brother to ask, if my father has acted with my concurrence in proposing a separation. He has. It cannot be supposed that, in my present distressing situation, I am capable of stating in a detailed manner the reasons which will not only justify this measure, but compel me to take it; and it never can be my wish to remember *unnecessarily* [*sic*] those injuries for which, however deep, I feel no resentment. I will now only recall to Lord Byron's mind his avowed and insurmountable aversion to the married state, and the desire and determination he has expressed ever since its commencement to free himself from that bondage, as finding it quite insupportable, though candidly acknowledging that no effort of duty or affection has been wanting on my part. He has too painfully convinced me that all these attempts to contribute towards his happiness were wholly useless, and most unwelcome to him. I enclose this letter to my father, wishing it to receive his sanction.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"A. I. BYRON."

"Feb. 4th, 1816.

"I hope, my dear A., that you would on no account withhold from your brother the letter which I sent yesterday, in answer to yours written by his desire; particularly as one which I have received from himself to-day renders it still more important that he should know the contents of that addressed to you. I am, in

haste and not very well, yours most affectionately,
"A. I. BYRON."

"Kirby Mallory, Feb. 14, 1816.

"The present sufferings of all may yet be repaid in blessings. Do not despair absolutely, dearest; and leave me but enough of your interest to afford you any consolation, by partaking of that sorrow which I am most unhappy to cause thus unintentionally. *You will be of my opinion hereafter, and at present your bitterest reproach would be forgiven; though Heaven knows you have considered me more than a thousand would have done — more than anything but my affection for B., one most dear to you, could deserve. I must not remember these feelings. Farewell! God bless you, from the bottom of my heart.*" "A. I. B."

We do not see how negative evidence can well be carried farther. But

"Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast

To some dark falsehood, hugs it to the last."

The critics who were not convinced by Lady Anne Barnard's statement, may yet find a loophole for escape. We may be told that there was a subsequent discovery, a second revelation, — to Lady Byron's own mind, if not from without; or that, if no new facts reached her, old facts again appeared to her in new lights. Then there is the "half-truth-at-a-time theory," which, we are assured, in no degree weakens credibility; and the angelic theory which justifies a lady (if she is pure, chivalrous, and religious) in alternately exalting and vilifying, trusting and distrusting, the same person, according to her mood.* It will be hard, too, if something cannot be made out of the "*unnecessarily*," or the reasons which she was not "capable of stating in a detailed manner," although she goes on to state them in general terms. In dealing with such antagonists, it is not enough to cut away the groundwork of the calumny; we must sweep away the materials in the shape of conjectures, surmises, insinuations, and inferences, with which the dirty work may be recommenced; and we hope to do this so effectually as not merely to clear Lord Byron's memory from all taint of guilt, but to refute the incidental charges of unfeeling or ungenerous conduct towards his wife.

It seems clear that Lady Byron complained of language or conduct sufficient, in

Dr. Lushington's opinion, to render a reconciliation impossible. But it does not follow that any of her worst complaints were well-founded. Admitted unfit for the married state was rather his misfortune than his fault; and she took him for better for worse with her eyes open. There is not the shadow of collateral or confirmatory proof that Lord Byron treated her cruelly or brutally, whilst there is strong presumptive evidence to the contrary. The "Dear Duck" letter would not have been written by a proud woman who had been harshly treated, and was writhing under a sense of wrong. They had lived a good deal with her father and mother, who must have had ample opportunities of observing his tone and manner, and were too wrapped up in their daughter not to notice any approximation to unkindness. But when (in January, 1816) she suddenly arrived at Kirby Mallory, they had not the least suspicion that there was anything amiss; and the day after her arrival Lady Noel wrote to him in the kindest terms to press him to join her: which Lady Noel would certainly not have done if she had anticipated anything disagreeable, or thought that her daughter had been driven from his house or harshly treated in any manner. His language, so long as there was a hope of reconciliation, was uniformly generous and conciliatory. He writes to Moore, March 8th, 1816: —

"I must set you right on one point, however. The fault was *not* — no, nor even the misfortune — in my 'choice' (unless in *choosing at all*), for I do not believe — and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business — that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her *while with me*. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself; and, if I cannot redeem, I must bear it."

He did his best to redeem it; and it was only when every effort failed, and his very reluctance to bring matters to an extremity was turned against him, that he occasionally broke into bitterness. His fixed and deliberate state of feeling towards his wife will be best collected from his conversations with Dr. Kennedy in Cephalonia the year before his death. Dr. Kennedy is defending the doctrine of eternal punishment: —

"'Whatever God does is right. If it depended on me, judging by mere feelings of humanity, I would have all saved. Nay, I would go further than you, — I would have no hell at all; but would pardon all, purify all, and send all to equal happiness.' 'Nay,' exclaimed some of them, 'I would not save all.' 'I would save,' cried his lordship, 'my sister and

* In what is regarded as a *communiqué* by the American press, Mrs. Beecher Stowe justifies Lady Byron's alleged condonation of the crime she subsequently denounced, on the ground of her being a brave, chivalrous, religious woman. "Perhaps the world cannot yet comprehend such a character. Perhaps it is more angelic than womanly. It certainly is exceptional." See also the "Macmillan" article, p. 394.

my daughter, and some of my friends, — and a few others, and let the rest shift for themselves.' 'And your wife also,' I exclaimed. 'No,' he said. 'But your wife; surely, you would save your wife?' 'Well,' he said, 'I would save her too, if you like.'"

Here the bitterness which he betrayed in "Don Juan" and some minor poems of a domestic character peeps out. But a day or two afterwards we find: —

"'If I said anything disrespectful of Lady B., I am very much to blame. Lady B. deserves every respect from me, and certainly nothing could give me greater pleasure than a reconciliation.'"

"'With such sentiments, how is it possible that a separation has taken place, or how is it that a reunion cannot be effected? Under such circumstances, neither you nor she can be happy; and the cause must be singular, which two persons of such rank and understanding cannot find out and remove.'"

"'I do not, indeed, know the cause of separation,' said Lord B. 'I know that many falsehoods have been spread abroad — such as my bringing actresses to my house — but they were all false. Lady B. left me without explaining the cause. I sent Hobhouse to her, who almost went on his knees, but in vain; and at length I wished to institute an action against her, that it might be seen what were her motives.'"

"'Perhaps,' I said, 'Lady B. is to be commended. No wife, from motives of delicacy, would like the public to be acquainted with the causes of her sorrow and grief, in circumstances where her husband was concerned; and if she acted under misapprehension or bad influence, it was your lordship's duty to have acted in such a way as in time to remove this.'"

"'What could I have done? I did everything at that time that could be done, and I am, and have always been, ready for a reconciliation.'"

A suit for the restoration of conjugal rights is a proceeding from which any man might reasonably refrain at any time, and Byron was not in a position to face the additional scandal, whether he was right or wrong.

"Their friends had tried at reconciliation, Then their relations, who made matters worse."[†]

The fact of friends and relations trying at reconciliation tells strongly against any criminal charge. Neither of the many crimes suggested is such as the most lenient advisers could palliate or the most forgiv-

ing wife condone. Nor is this all — when Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Wilmot Horton, acting for her, met Lord Broughton (Hobhouse), acting for Lord Byron, with a view to an amicable arrangement, Lord Broughton insisted as a preliminary, that all the specific charges circulated against Lord Byron should be disavowed, to which Mr. Wilmot Horton readily assented on her behalf. Lord Broughton was wont to relate that he "racked his imagination" to exhaust them, and put each categorically, "Do you adopt or believe this?" to which the invariable answer was; "We disclaim it — we do not believe it." We are not aware whether this specific charge was named among the rest. We should think that, though no novelty, it ranked in the minds of all parties with the Florence tragedy to which Goethe gave temporary credence, the Giaour story, or the many other wild inventions which fully bear out the noble poet's statement that his case was supposed to comprise all the crimes which could, and several which could not, be committed. There can be no doubt, however, that Mr. Wilmot Horton's disclaimer was virtually complete. When, in the presence of the arbitrators, Lord Byron put his name and seal to the deed of separation, he added: "This is Mrs. Clermont's act and deed." Mrs. Clermont was the lady so disagreeably immortalised in "A Sketch."

Lord Broughton made no secret of what passed between Mr. Wilmot Horton and himself. We were, therefore, rather surprised to see (quoted from an Irish paper) a letter from a gentleman, Mr. Percy Boyd, acquitting Lord Byron of moral culpability, but stating that the real and specific cause of the separation was well known in society, and had been communicated to himself by the late Mr. Mackinnon, who had it from Thomas Campbell. Now Thomas Campbell was known under alcoholic influence to specify what he called *the* cause, and to adduce Lady Byron as his authority. It was a series of brutalities, coming very nearly within the description of crimes that could not be committed. It certainly was not what was repeated to Mr. Boyd. Campbell printed in the "New Monthly Magazine" (in which he had written a foolish defence of Lady Byron) a letter from her to himself, in which she says she cannot tell him "the causes" of the separation.

In 1818, two years after her first communications, Lady Byron writes thus to Lady Anne Barnard: —

"He has wished to be thought partially deranged, or on the brink of it, to perplex observers and prevent them from tracing effects to

* "Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and Others, held in Cephalonia, a short time previous to his Lordship's Death." By the late James Kennedy, M. D., of H.M. Medical Staff." London, 1820.

† "Don Juan," Cant. I.

their real causes through all the intricacies of his conduct. I was, as I have told you, at one time the dupe of his acted insanity, and clung to the former delusions in regard to the motives that concerned me personally till the whole system was laid bare. He is the absolute monarch of words, and uses them, as Buonaparte did lives, for conquest, without more regard to their intrinsic value, considering them only as ciphers which must derive all their import from the situation in which he places them, and the ends to which he adapts them with such consummate skill. Why, then, you will say, does he not employ them to give a better colour to his own character? Because he is too good an actor to over-act, or to assume a moral garb which it would be easy to strip off. In regard to his poetry, egotism is the vital principle of his imagination, which it is difficult for him to kindle on any subject with which his own character and interests are not identified; but by the introduction of fictitious incidents, by change of scene or time, he has enveloped his poetical disclosures in a system impenetrable except to a very few; and his constant desire of creating a sensation makes him not averse to be the object of wonder and curiosity, even though accompanied by some dark and vague suspicions."

In this severe analysis (written when the angel of love was absent on leave) she has hit intuitively on one marked peculiarity at least — his tendency to be *le fanfaron des vices qu'il n'avait pas*. In his Journal for March, 1814, he sets down: —

"He (Hobhouse) told me an odd report — that I am the actual Conrad, the veritable Corsair, and that part of my travels are supposed to have passed in piracy. Um! people sometimes hit near the truth; but never the whole truth; H. don't know what I was about the year after he left the Levant; nor does any one — nor — nor — however, it's a lie — but, I doubt the equivocation of the friend that lies like truth."

The habit of mystification is so inveterate, that he here palters with himself. He had already laid the ground for being identified with Lara, by travelling about with a damsel in male attire, though this was a plagiarism from "Marmion."

"Say, hast thou given that lovely youth
To serve in lady's bower?
Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
A gentle paramour?"

Anything for a sensation. His return in the evenings from "haunts of vice," where he made his wife understand he had been (the best proof he had not), was no more real than his piracy. He was then (1815) living as in a glass case; his journals and letters show that his evenings were not passed in haunts of vice, unless Brooks's, Holland House, and dinner-tables where he

met poets, wits, and orators, can be so designated. "Moore" (says Mrs. Beecher Stowe) "sheds a significant light on this period by telling us that about this time Byron was drunk day after day with Sheridan." This is another specimen of this lady's inaccuracy. Moore tells nothing of the sort: he merely prints a letter from Byron, dated Oct. 31, 1815, containing the following passage: —

"Yesterday, I dined out with a large-ish party, where were Sheridan and Colman, Harry Harris of C.G., and his brother, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Dr. Kinnaird, and others, of note and notoriety. Like other parties of the kind, it was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogether, then inarticulate, and then drunk. When we had reached the last step of this glorious ladder, it was difficult to get down again without stumbling; and to crown all, Kinnaird and I had to conduct Sheridan down a d—d corkscrew staircase, which had certainly been constructed before the discovery of fermented liquors, and to which no legs, however crooked, could possibly accommodate themselves. We deposited him safe at home, where his man, evidently used to the business, waited to receive him in the hall.

"Both he and Colman, were as usual, very good; but I carried away much wine, and the wine had previously carried away my memory; so that all was hiccup and happiness for the last hour or so, and I am not impregnated with any of the conversation."

"Lord Byron's actions," writes the Rev. W. Harness, his schoolfellow and friend, "so far as they fell under my own observation, were kind-hearted, generous and amiable. All the evil I ever knew of him was told me by himself, in those fits of self-accusation which he had so strong a habit of indulging."

There is a scene in "Woodstock," in which, when Cromwell is in one of his most excited moods, verging on insanity, his daughter enters the room, walks up to him, gently but firmly passes her arm through his, and saying, "Father, this is not well: you have promised me this should not happen," leads him off, obedient as a child. Byron's sister had the same kind of influence over him. It may have been a spell of his own weaving, but it was a spell of power; and we are convinced that he never spoke lightly or irreverently of her. And here, before going further, it may be as well to ascertain what sort of person the sister was; for though the poetic imagination can build on a slight foundation, there must be some semblance of one, and we have to decide not simply whether Mrs. Leigh was likely to inspire an incestuous,

life-long, and all-absorbing passion, but whether she was the sort of woman to reciprocate it, and in position to indulge it with impunity. The recklessness with which this lady's reputation has been assailed and the feelings of her family have been outraged, is one of the most extraordinary and repulsive features of the controversy.

Earl Stanhope has kindly permitted us to print the following extract from a private letter written by him :—

"I was very well acquainted with Mrs. Leigh about forty years ago (alas!), and used to call upon her at St. James's Palace to hear her speak about Lord Byron, as she was very fond of doing. That fact itself is a presumption against what is alleged, since, on such a supposition, the subject would surely be felt as painful and avoided. She was extremely unprepossessing in her person and appearance—more like a nun than anything, and never can have had the least pretension to beauty. I thought her shy and sensitive to a fault in her mind and character, and, from what I saw and knew of her, I hold her to have been utterly incapable of such a crime as Mrs. Beecher Stowe is so unwarrantably seeking to cast upon her memory."

The Dowager Lady Shelley, a woman of large experience, penetration, and sagacity, well acquainted with Byron and his contemporaries, writes thus :—

"I have seen a great deal of Mrs. Leigh (Augusta), having passed some days with her and Colonel Leigh, for my husband's shooting near Newmarket, when Lord Byron was in the house, and, as she told me, was writing 'The Corsair,' to my great astonishment, for it was a wretched small house, full of her ill-trained children, who were always running up and down stairs, and going into 'uncle's' bedroom, where he remained all the morning. Mrs. Leigh was like a mother to Byron, being so much older, and not at all an attractive person. I afterwards went with her at her request, to pay a wedding visit to Lady Byron when she returned to town, and she (Mrs. Leigh) expressed the greatest anxiety that his marriage should reform him. He opened the drawing-room door himself and received my congratulations as savagely as I expected, looking demonlike, as he often did. But my astonishment at the present accusation is unbounded. She, a Dowdy-Goody, I being then, I suppose, a young fine lady. Scrope Davies used to come to dinner, and talked to me a great deal about Byron afterwards, when he resided in the country, and I never remember a hint at this unnatural and improbable *liaison* when all London was at Byron's feet. I have heard from Lady A—— I——, relative to ——, and to Mrs. Leigh, that my recollection of her was perfectly correct. She says 'she was an amiable and devoted wife, and mother of seven children. Her husband was very fond of her, and had a high opinion of

her.' She must have been married (in 1807) when Byron was quite a boy (he was nineteen). She had no taste for poetry. She had sad misfortunes in her later years. *Her excellent and only surviving daughter nursed her with the tenderest affection in her last illness.* How any one could have been so wicked as to write so horrible a story of one too long dead to have friends left who could refute the story, seems beyond belief."

Lord Stanhope's and Lady Shelley's impressions are confirmed by all the surviving friends and acquaintance of Mrs. Leigh. Her husband, Lieut. Colonel Leigh, of the celebrated 10th Hussars, had seen service, and was a man of social distinction in his day. He was the friend and constant companion of the Prince Regent, the Dukes of Bedford, Rutland, and Cleveland, the Earl of Egremont, Lord Rivers, and other distinguished patrons of the turf. He and Mrs. Leigh occupied apartments in the Flag Court, St. James's Palace, given to her on being appointed bedchamber-woman to Queen Charlotte in 1814 or 1815. She died there November, 1851; one of her daughters never quitted her, and was with her when she died. A daughter and a son are still living, whose feelings may be guessed. She left the most favourable impression on all who had an opportunity of observing her, and the co-inmates of palaces generally contrive to know whatever can be known about one another, good, bad, or indifferent. In fact, her habits, manners, and appearance were a complete antidote to calumny, especially this sort of calumny.

It is well worth while to run over Byron's printed allusions to his sister in prose and verse, if only to show what the perversity of the critical mind can do in the way of misconstruction when there is a foregone conclusion to be worked out. The attempts to extract proofs of guilty passion from them have been such utter failures. His manner of idealizing her negatives the charge; and if he had been conscious of guilt, it is to the last degree improbable that he would have persevered in drawing closer and closer the suspected tie, or in flaunting it before the world. His accusers must be hard pushed when they couple together sentences apart from the context in this fashion. He writes from Newstead to Mr. Murray, February 4, 1814 :— "Mrs. Leigh is with me; much pleased with the place, and less so with me for parting with it, to which not even the price can reconcile her." The first member of this sentence — "Mrs. Leigh is with me" — has actually been quoted as of ominous import, coupled with a letter of the following March to Moore, intimating that he,

(Byron) had something "uncomfortable" to communicate; as well he might, considering his multiform entanglements, amatory and pecuniary. Guilt has also been discovered in this entry of his Journal for March, 1814:—

"Augusta wants me to make it up with Carlisle. I have refused *every* body else, but I can't deny her anything, though I had as lief 'Drink up Eisel—eat a crocodile.'"

On April 10th, 1816 (he left England on the 25th), three months after the separation, he writes to Mr. Rogers:—"My sister is now with me, and leaves town to-morrow; we shall not meet again for some time at all events, if ever; and under these circumstances, I trust to stand excused to you and Mr. Sheridan for being unable to wait upon him this evening." The last verses he wrote in England were "Stanzas to Augusta," including:—

"Oh! blest be thine unbroken light,
That watched me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
Then purer spread its gentle flame,
And dash'd the darkness all away."

She was the purifier, the comforter, who lightened his darkness instead of deepening it. So, in the second set of "Stanzas to Augusta," evidently alluding to the calumny:—

"Though human, thou did'st not deceive me,
Though woman, thou did'st not forsake,
Though lov'd, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never could'st shake;

Though trusted, thou did'st not disclaim me;
Though parted, it was not to fly;
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie."

The "Epistle to Augusta" begins thus:—

"My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine;
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine."

This is the poem, written at Diodati in the autumn of 1816, in reference to which he writes to Mr. Murray:—"There is amongst the manuscripts an "Epistle to My Sister," on which I should wish her opinion to be consulted before publication." In a subsequent letter:—"My sister has decided on the omission of the lines. Upon this point her opinion will be followed."

They were first published in 1830. On the title-page of the presentation copy of the two first Cantos of "Childe Harold," he wrote—"To Augusta, my dearest sister, and my best friend, who has ever loved me much better than I deserved, this volume is presented by her *father's* son and most affectionate brother,—B." "Manfred," again, would never have been written by a man conscious of guilt and morbidly apprehensive of detection. Besides, if "Manfred" proves anything, it proves too much:—

"I have shed
Blood, but not hers; and yet her blood was shed.
I saw and could not stanch it."

These lines led Goethe to believe "Manfred" based on the Florence tragedy, in which the husband kills the wife, and the lover (Byron) kills the husband. "Lord Byron removed from Florence, and these spirits haunted him all his life after. This romantic incident is rendered highly probable by innumerable allusions to it in his poems." The small importance he attached to the poem may be collected from his correspondence with Mr. Murray:—

"March 25, 1817. With regard to the 'Witch Drama,' I repeat that I have not an idea if it is good or bad. If bad, it must on no account be risked in publication. If good, it is at your service. I value it at three hundred guineas, and less if you like it. Perhaps, if published, the best way will be to add it to your winter volume, and not publish separately. The price will show you that I don't pique myself upon it; so speak out. You may put it into the fire if you like, and Gifford don't like."

And this is the poem that reveals the grand secret of his life! It is lucky for him that he had no step-mother, as he would certainly have been identified with Hugo in "Parisina." In a letter to Mr. Murray, in August, 1821, he writes:—

"With regard to additions, &c., there is a journal which you must get from Mrs. Leigh, of my journey in the Alps, which contains all the germs of 'Manfred.'"

The tenderest verses addressed to his

* "The whole poem has been misunderstood, and the odious supposition that ascribes the fearful mystery and remorse of the hero to a foul passion for his sister, is probably one of those coarse imaginations which have grown out of the calumnies and accusations heaped upon the author. How can it have happened that none of the critics have noticed that the story is derived from the human sacrifices supposed to have been in use amongst the students of the black art. . . . It intimates that his sister had been self-sacrificed in the pursuit of their magical knowledge." (Galt's "Life of Byron," chap. 33.) This is quoted to shew that the calumny preceded the poem.

sister, were those on the Rhine in the Third Canto of "Childe Harold:—

"But one thing want these banks of Rhine,
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine."

They were written after every effort had been made to blacken him, and are thus introduced:—

"— Though unweid,
That love was pure, and, far above disguise,
Had stood the test of mortal enmities
Still undivided."

In a subsequent stanza of the same Canto, addressing Lake Leman:—

"— Thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been
so moved."

Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh never met after he left England in April, 1816, but she is always affectionately remembered in his letters; and Mr. Delme Radcliffe, who claims to have been "nurtured under the shadow of her wing," and is ready to go to the death for her respectability, says, "she would ever discourse in sisterly sympathy, in weal or woe, with pride in his renown and with grief for his cares." She was in frequent communication with Lord Byron and (what Mrs. Beecher Stowe must explain) with Lady Byron too:—

"To Mr. Murray, Feb. 21, 1820.

"Pray tell Mrs. Leigh to request Lady Byron to urge forward the transfer from the funds. I wrote to Lady Byron on business this post, addressed to the care of Mr. Kinnaird."

"To Mr. Murray, Sept. 21, 1820.

"P.S.—My sister tells me that you sent to her to inquire where I was, believing in my arrival, driving a curricle, &c., into Palace Yard. Do you think me a coxcomb or a madman, to be capable of such an exhibition? My sister knew me better, and told you that could not be me."

"To Moore, Ravenna, March 1, 1821.

"I have received your message through my sister's letter, about English security, &c., &c. . . . Thinking of the funds as I do, and wishing to secure a reversion to my sister and her children, I should jump at most expedients."

Mr. Trelawney states (in his "Recollections") that Lord Byron was in the act of writing to his sister when he was seized with his last illness. The letter, left unfinished, is dated Missolonghi, Feb. 23, 1824, and begins:—

"My dearest Augusta, I received a few days ago your and Lady Byron's report of Ada's health."

The last sentence but one, alluding to symptoms of epilepsy in his own case, contains these words:—

"So far as I know it is not hereditary; and it is that it may not become so, that you should tell Lady Byron to take some precautions in the case of Ada."

Lord Byron left the whole of his disposable property to his sister and her children, his reason being thus stated in his will, dated the 29th of July, 1815:—

"I make the above provision for my sister and her children, in consequence of my dear wife, Lady Byron, and any children I may have, being otherwise amply provided for."

Dr. Lushington, as we have said, regarding what passed between Lady Byron and himself as a matter of professional confidence, states that he never has revealed what passed and never will. But surely the obligation to secrecy has been virtually cancelled by Lady Byron, who, during the last ten years of her life, had made no scruple of repeating the charge right and left to almost anybody who chose to listen to it. The following letter is one of many to the same purport that have been addressed to the newspapers:—

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"SIR,—Lady Noel Byron resided, on and off, many years in Brighton, and her circle of friends coincided very closely with my own. For most of these years I heard of but one crime of which she accused her dead husband, but latterly of two, which need not be named. Six or seven persons more or less known to me received her communications, three of whom were Americans. Her communications were not given as secrets, but, on the contrary, as facts to be used for the defence of her conduct, character, or memory. Some of these persons received them as Mrs. Beecher Stowe did—the Rev. Frederick Robertson for one; others thought 'her mind was touched upon the subject of the separation.' In 1847 one of her best friends asked me to talk with her on the liabilities to error of private judgment when deciding questions involving criminal charges which can be properly investigated only by public tribunals. No one, I told her, had a right to repeat such charges, except as decisions of courts of law. Her stories differed. Her narratives and memoranda were given away right and left. The confidantes who knew her best, her peculiarities, her troubles with her daughter, her elder grandson, her servants, never would have repeated her stories with pens and types. They thought her mind was touched. Suspicions had become delusions. Three of her friends, myself being one, came separately to this conclusion. The sealed papers held by her trustees, if they contain the accusations she made, can only be

records of her delusions; for the charge she made most frequently is not capable of proof; and the charge Mrs. Stowe has published is comparatively recent and utterly incredible.

"JOHN ROBERTSON.

"12, Norfolk Road, Sept. 12, 1869."

The Rev. Francis Trench, after stating, first, his conviction that any public revelation of the kind recently made would have been deemed most objectionable by Lady Byron herself, proceeds in a letter to the "Times":—

"Secondly, it is desirable to obviate the impression that Mrs. Beecher Stowe was anything like an exclusive or even a rare depository of the statement which she has made, so as to obtain any title to publication on this account. At many successive periods Lady Noel Byron had fully stated the cause of her separation to many of her relatives and intimate friends. But in all these instances she knew whom she could trust; and, so far as I know, not one of them, much to their honour, judgment, and propriety, has broken that profound silence and secrecy which, so far as the public is concerned, should have been continued for ever."

A secret is no longer a secret when it is told at successive periods to many relatives and friends; and whatever liberties Lady Byron might take with Lord Byron's character, we do not recognise her right (except as an angel or on the angelic theory) to whisper away Mrs. Leigh's. Mr. Trench, in a subsequent letter, disputes Mr. Robertson's conclusion that Lady Byron was acting under a delusion; but surely this is the more charitable hypothesis, when we consider the frequency with which her damning revelations were volunteered, the extent to which they differed from one another, and the variations with which the main charge was occasionally dished up. The story told as coming from her by a lady of unimpeachable veracity, was this: "That not only had Lord Byron confessed the charge, but that the partner of his guilt, on the faith of a promise to be spared exposure, had delivered to Lady Byron a written and signed confession, which Lady Byron had forthwith deposited with the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) as a bar to any future proceedings that might be taken by Lord Byron to obtain the custody of his daughter." There can be no mistake in this instance, so far as our information is concerned. We are convinced that it was her story (or rather one of her stories) and, "like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest." To expatiate on its improbability would be to insult the reader's understanding. A written confession to avoid exposure or punishment would only be given

when there was overwhelming evidence to convict. Judges are not in the habit of receiving *ex parte* statements in non-existing suits. Lady Byron, by her own showing, broke faith. In all her other versions, so far as we are acquainted with them, she relies on what she calls Lord Byron's confession, and makes not the remotest allusion to Mrs. Leigh's. The story of the confession was certainly told prior to 1851. It is impossible to fix precisely when Lady Byron threw off all restraint in her communications, as described by Mr. Robertson and Mr. Trench. In a letter to Miss (the Hon. Amelia) Murray in 1820, she writes: "I hope to leave this world without having said a word that could damage anybody, so I must let people say what they will of me." Her tongue, like Conrad's sabre, "made fast atonement for its first delay"; and surely somebody was damaged by her words, oral and written, in 1816, or still more cruelly by

"The insignificant eye

Which learns to wound with silence."

Was not her husband damaged by her words when (in the September of that year) he wrote:—

"The means were worthy, and the end is won:
I would not do by thee as thou hast done?"

Mr. William Howitt, who had known her intimately, gives the following instance of "a constitutional idiosyncrasy of a most peculiar kind, which rendered her, when under its influence, absolutely and persistently unjust":—

"She was in great difficulty as to the selection of a master for her working school at Kirby Mallory. It was necessary for him to unite the very rarely united qualities of a thoroughly practical knowledge of the operations of agriculture and gardening with the education and information of an accomplished schoolmaster. She asked me to try and discover this *rara avis* for her. I knew exactly such a man in Nottinghamshire, who was at the same time thoroughly honourable, trustworthy, and fond of teaching. At her earnest request I prevailed on him to give up his then comfortable position and accept her offer. For a time he was everything in her eyes that a man and a schoolmaster could be. She was continually speaking of him when we met in the most cordial terms. But in the course, as I remember, of two or three years, the poor fellow wrote to me in the utmost distress, saying that Lady Byron, without the slightest intimation of being in any way dissatisfied with him or with his management of the school, had given him notice to quit. He had entreated her to let him know what was the cause of this sudden dismissal. She refused to

give any, and he entreated me to write to her and endeavour to remove her displeasure, or to ascertain its cause. I felt, from what I had seen of Lady Byron before, that it was useless. I wrote to him, 'Remember Lord Byron! If Lady Byron has taken into her head that you shall go, nothing will turn her. Go you must, and you had better prepare for it.' And the poor fellow, with a family of about five children, and his old situation filled up, was turned out into the world to comparative ruin."

One morning Lady Byron requested the attendance of the clergyman of Ham. He came obedient to her summons, and she immediately proceeded to expatiate on her unremitting kindness to her grandson (Lord Ockham, now deceased), the ungrateful return she had received, and the infinity of trouble he had given her. After she had run on in this strain till she had fairly run herself out, the clergyman ventured to suggest that he did not see how he could be of any use to her under the circumstances; a proposition to which she assented, and then stiffly bowed him out. The pleasure of hearing herself talk on her own merits and sacrifices was apparently her sole motive in sending for him.

The solicitors of the representatives of Lady Byron have addressed a letter to the "Times" (Sept. 2) distinctly repudiating and discrediting Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and stating that all Lady Byron's manuscripts have been left to three trustees, who alone are authorized to make use of them "as might be judged best for the interests of her grandchildren."

Lord Wentworth, who writes under evident restraint and embarrassment—as well he may, considering his conflicting obligations to the memories of his maternal grandfather and grandmother—has addressed a letter to the "Pall Mall Gazette," in which he says:—

"About three years ago a manuscript in Lady Noel Byron's handwriting was found among her papers, giving an account of some circumstances connected with her marriage, and apparently intended for publication after her death; but as this seemed not quite certain, no decision as to its publication was come to. In the event of a memoir being written, this manuscript might, perhaps, be included, but hitherto it has not been proposed to publish any other matter about her separation.

"This statement in Lady Byron's own handwriting does not contain any accusation of so grave a nature as that which Mrs. Stowe asserts was told her, and Mrs. Stowe's story of the separation is inconsistent with what I have seen in various letters, &c., of Lady Byron's."

From this recapitulation it will be seen

how matters stood when Mrs. Beecher Stowe appeared upon the scene, and what are the real objections she has to meet. That Lady Byron repeated the charge to her, is no justification or apology at all. She would have found on inquiry, if she did not know already, that she was one amongst many depositaries of the supposed secret: that, in point of fact, it was no secret at all: that, instead of trusting to an American lady, of whom she knew comparatively little, Lady Byron had made careful provision for the posthumous vindication of her fame. Before taking any step in the matter, Mrs. Beecher Stowe should have placed herself in communication with the family. If, in defiance of all rules of propriety and taste, she was resolved on printing her story, she should have been severely simple in her statements; scrupulously accurate in her facts; resolutely self-denying in her comments and inferences. She has been the exact contrary; and the story in her version is so coloured, amplified, and overlaid, that it is utterly impossible to distinguish what rests on Lady Byron's authority, from what has been added on other or no authority by Mrs. Stowe. The truthful and probable bears about the same proportion to the fanciful and improbable that Falstaff's bread bore to his sack; and if the charge rested exclusively on her article, we should have adopted a much more succinct and summary mode of dealing with it. To point out its incoherency and inconsistency would have been enough. It is principally as a literary curiosity that we now propose to deal with it: the problem being no longer whether it is true or false, but what amount of original material was supplied to her, and by what mental process it was worked up.

She starts with the preposterous assumption that the first refusal of Miss Milbanke was what precipitated Lord Byron into guilt:—

"From the height which might have made him happy as the husband of a noble woman, he fell into the depths of a secret, adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society.

"From henceforth this damning, guilty secret became the ruling force in his life, holding him with a morbid fascination, yet filling him with remorse and anguish and insane dread of detection. Two years after his refusal by Miss Milbanke, his various friends, seeing that for some cause he was wretched, pressed a marriage upon him.

"There is no reason to doubt that Byron was,

as he relates in his 'Dream,' profoundly agonized and agitated, when he stood before God's altar, with the trusting young creature whom he was leading to a fate so awfully tragic; but it was not the memory of *Mary Chaworth*, but another guiltier and more damning memory that overshadowed that hour.

"The moment the carriage-doors were shut upon the bridegroom and bride, the paroxysm of remorse and despair — unrepentant remorse and angry despair — broke forth upon her gentle head.

"You might have saved me from this, madam! you had all in your own power when I offered myself to you first. Then you might have made me what you pleased; but now you will find that you have married a devil!"

We have seen that they got on very well together for some months; and that the first refusal had any marked effect upon him, or was vehemently resented, is disproved by his journal: —

"Nov. 30, 1813. Yesterday a very pretty letter from Annabella, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours! without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress — a girl of twenty — a peeress that is to be in her own right — an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess, a mathematician, and yet withal very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension."

"March 15, 1814. A letter from Bella, which I answered. I shall be in love with her again, if I don't take care."

The manner in which the second proposal was made implies that a second refusal would not have much mortified him, for the letter containing it was despatched principally because it was too pretty a letter to be lost, and not till after a proposal to another had been declined.

Not one woman out of twenty would be deterred from marrying a man for whom she had a fancy by knowing him to be a rake. She would trust implicitly to her own sweet influence for reforming him. But when Miss Milbanke is set up as a model of saint-like purity, when we are told that she was endowed with "an almost supernatural power of moral divination," it seems odd that she should have kept up a sustained correspondence with Byron with full knowledge of his character, and marry him with full knowledge that he continued unreclaimed. She had read "Childe Harold," where he gives romantic young ladies who were sighing for him fair warning of the sort of husband they must bargain for: —

"For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
Had sigh'd to many, though he loved but one,
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.
Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
And spoil'd her goodly land to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deigned to taste."

During the two years preceding his marriage (besides passing fancies and *liaisons*) he had two notorious love affairs on his hands; and the dates shew that he was referring to these in the letters which betray annoyance or despondency. It was in the autumn of 1814, just before the second proposal to Miss Milbanke, that he was thrown over by Lady F. W. W. in favour of an illustrious warrior, and wrote the verses (never printed) beginning: —

"Go triumph securely, the trench'rous vow
Thou hast broken, I keep but too faithfully now;
But never again shalt thou be to this heart
What thou wert, what I fear at this moment thou art."

His prior affair with Lady Caroline Lamb, the wife of Lady Byron's first cousin, created an unusual amount of scandal and caused him great annoyance through her pertinacity. He complained to Lady Palmerston, Lady Caroline's and Lady Byron's first cousin, that he was pursued by a "mad skeleton." The scene at Lady Heathcote's where she stabbed herself with a pair of scissors, took place in the spring of 1813, after the first proposal. Did no sound of these strange doings ever penetrate the sanctuary of pure imaginings in which Aurora Raby, *alias* Annabella Milbanke dwelt? If any one woman ever swayed his destiny (which we doubt), it was Mary Chaworth; and we should be content to rest the whole question, involving Mrs. Beecher Stowe's critical capacity and credibility, on this: whether it was or was not the memory of Mary Chaworth that haunted him in "The Dream?" a question which must be decided

* A copy of these verses was given by Lord Byron to Lady Charlotte Harley (Lanthe) and is now in the possession of her sister, Lady Langdale. "Byron," said Scrope Davies, "came one morning into my lodgings in St. James's Street in a towering passion, and, standing before the fire, broke out, 'D—— all women, and d—— that woman in particular!' He tore from his watch-ribbon a seal she had given him, and dashed it into the grate. As soon as he left the room, I picked it up, and here it is." It was a large seal, representing a ship in full sail, a star in the distance, with the motto, "*Si je la perds je suis perdu*." Two or three days afterwards his lordship came again with a copy of verses addressed to the lady, from which Davies with some difficulty induced him to omit four lines.

by the poem, not by the dogmatic assertion of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. After the beautiful description of the boy's feelings, come these lines:—

"But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more; 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honoured race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not
—and why?"

Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved

Another; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew."

Mary Chaworth was an only child, the solitary scion of her race, and she loved another, Mr. Musters, who became her husband. After her marriage the poet saw, or thought he saw, a sad expression in her face:—

"What could her grief be?—She had loved him not,

Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past."

The localities, "a hill, a gentle hill," "the old mansion and the accustomed hall," are all redolent of Annesley. Mrs. Beecher Stowe will next tell us that the lines on the Rhine were really written on the Danube, and that, when he spoke of the castled crag of Drachenfels, he was thinking of the castled flat of Belgrade; or, under the insane dread of detection, may he not have been acting like the lover who, on engaging a painter to paint a portrait of his mistress, a married woman, directed that it should not be made like, for fear of its leading to suspicion or discovery?

According to this lady, not only must his poems be interpreted by the rule of contraries, but, to explain his conduct, all the ordinary motives of human action must be reversed. We are actually required to believe that, under that same insane dread of detection, which would have been "utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society," he marries one woman when he would as lief have married another, treats her brutally, forthwith confides to her the dread secret of his life for no imaginable purpose but to increase the risk of detection, and, with full knowledge of her character, endeavours to make her an accomplice in his guilt. Marriage is the very last step a man absorbed by a guilty intrigue, and morbidly

afraid of detection, would venture upon; thereby creating an additional responsibility for his actions, as well as a legitimate spy on them:

"A rib's a thorn in a gallant's side,
Requires decorum and is apt to double
The horrid sin, and what's still worse, the
trouble."

Let who can, reconcile Mrs. Beecher Stowe's account of the carriage scene with the one given to Lady Anne Barnard—the rambling incoherence, with the utter confusion of times and periods, renders it impossible to reconcile any two consecutive paragraphs of Mrs Beecher Stowe's narrative with any other two:—

"Only a few days before she left him for ever, Lord Byron sent Murray manuscripts, in Lady Byron's handwriting, of the 'Siege of Corinth' and 'Parisina,' and wrote:—

"I am very glad that the handwriting was a favourable omen of the *morale* of the piece; but you must not trust to that; for my copyist would write out anything I desired, in *all the ignorance of innocence.*"

"But there came an hour of revelation—an hour when, in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt, Lady Byron saw the full depth of the abyss of infamy which her marriage was expected to cover, and understood that she was expected to be the cloak and accomplice of this infamy."

"She would neither leave him nor betray him, nor yet would she for one moment justify his sin. And hence came two years of convulsive struggle, in which sometimes, for a while, the good angel seemed to gain the ground, and then the evil one returned with sevenfold vehemence.

"Lord Byron argued his case with himself and with her, with all the sophistries of his powerful mind. He repudiated Christianity as authority, and asserted the right of every human being to follow out what he called 'the impulses of nature.' Subsequently he introduced into one of his dramas the reasoning by which he justified himself in incest."

So, only a few days before she left him for ever, after two years of convulsive struggle, during which he had been sedulously endeavouring to justify incest, she copies "Parisina" (a tale of incest), and "would write out anything he desired in all the ignorance of innocence"! She had neither seen nor suspected the cloven foot, though it had been daily thrust into her face. She was in a state of mind resembling that of our first parents before the fall, though she had eaten of the tree of knowledge; though an hour of revelation

had come in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt: though she had long seen the full depth of the abyss of infamy which her marriage was expected to cover. He repudiated Christianity as an authority, and yet directly afterwards (p. 395) we are assured that confirmed belief in its harsh-est tenets was his destruction.

The following letter was written by Lady Byron to the late Crabb Robinson the year before her communication to Mrs. Stowe:

"Brighton, March 5th, 1855.

"I recollect only those passages of Dr. Kennedy's book which bear upon the opinions of Lord Byron. Strange as it may seem, Dr. Kennedy is most faithful where you doubt his being so. Not merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenor of Lord Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator, I have always ascribed the misery of his life. . . . It is enough for me to remember, that he who thinks his transgressions beyond forgiveness (and such was his own deepest feeling), has righteousness beyond that of the self-satisfied sinner; or, perhaps, of the half-awakened. It was impossible for me to doubt that, could he have been at once assured of pardon, his living faith in a moral duty and love of virtue ('I love the virtues which I cannot claim') would have conquered every temptation. Judge then, how I must hate the Creed which made him see God as an avenger, not a father. My own impressions were just the reverse, but could have little weight, and it was in vain to seek to turn his thoughts for long from that *idée fixe*, with which he connected his physical peculiarity as a stamp. Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be 'turned into a curse' to him. Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or man? They must in a measure realize themselves. 'The worst of it is, I do believe,' he said. I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of Predestination. I may be pardoned for referring to his frequent expression of the sentiment that I was only sent to show him the happiness he was forbidden to enjoy. You will now better understand why 'The Deformed Transformed' is too painful to me for discussion."

To judge from her letters, Lady Byron's religious creed was of a singularly heterogeneous description, and very far from orthodox. She objects to Creeds and Articles, on the ground that the Christian Scripture is "the charter of mankind," and that "to fashion it into cages is to deny its ultimate objects." Even the Christian Scripture is too sectarian: "The revelation through Nature never separates: it is the revelation through the Book which

separates." She thinks that, "if St. Paul had edited a Review, he might have admitted Peter as well as Luke or Barnabas." In fact, she was a broad-bottomed Christian, a very broad-bottomed one. She misunderstood her husband's religious opinions, as she misunderstood every other portion of his mind. They were those of many eminently intellectual, conscientious, and cultivated men. He did not absolutely disbelieve Christianity; but he was never able to arrive at unhesitating belief or faith, which is not quite so much a matter of volition as those who, happily for them, have attained it may suppose. His main difficulty arose from his very exalted conception of the Deity.

Neither does Lady Byron appear to have understood Dr. Kennedy, who proves that Byron's belief in predestination, and in his own sinfulness, had nothing to do with the inspiration of the Bible:—

"'Of the wickedness and depravity of human nature, I have no doubt,' said Lord B.: 'I have seen too much of it in all classes of society; and under the mask of politeness and patriotism I have found so much vileness and villany, that no one, except those who have witnessed it, can have any conception of, but these doctrines, which you mention, lead us back into all the difficulties of original sin, and to the stories in the Old Testament, which many who call themselves Christians reject. Bishop Watson, if I mistake not, rejected, or did not value, the Bible.'"

"'But,' answered he, 'I am now in a fairer way. I already believe in predestination, which I know you believe, and in the depravity of the human heart in general, and of my own in particular; thus you see there are two points in which we agree. I shall get at the others by-and-bye; but you cannot expect me to become a perfect Christian at once.'"

We take it for granted that the following passage in the "Conversations" attracted Lady Byron's attention, if it did not give her a qualm:—

"'I READ MORE OF THE BIBLE THAN YOU ARE AWARE,' SAID LORD B., 'I HAVE A BIBLE WHICH MY SISTER GAVE ME, WHO IS AN EXCELLENT WOMAN, AND I READ IT VERY OFTEN.' HE WENT INTO HIS BEDROOM ON SAYING THIS, AND BROUGHT OUT A POCKET BIBLE, FINELY BOUND, AND SHOWED IT TO ME."

This allusion to his sister was accidentally let drop a few months before his death, in an earnest and solemn frame of mind. On another occasion, Dr. Kennedy states, he left the room "to fetch his sister's Bible."

The marriage took place on January 2nd, 1815. Lady Byron left him for ever Janu-

ary 15th, 1816. They lived together just one year and thirteen days. Mrs. Beecher Stowe talks of two years of struggle after the complete revelation, and she repeats herself on this essential point:—

"These two years in which Lady Byron was with all her soul struggling to bring her husband back to his better self were a series of passionate convulsions.

"During this time such was the disordered and desperate state of his worldly affairs, that there were *ten* executions for debt levied on their family establishment; and it was Lady Byron's fortune *each time* which settled the account."

Lady Byron's fortune did not come into possession till 1822, and her family refused to help him.* This may be collected from a letter to Moore, March 8, 1816, in which he says:

"I still think, however, that if I had had a fair chance, by being placed in even a tolerable situation, I might have gone on fairly."

In a conversation reported by Galt, he said:—

"I was beset by duns, and at length an execution was levied, and the bailiffs put in possession of the very beds we had to sleep on. This was no very agreeable state of affairs, no very pleasant scene for Lady Byron to witness, and it was agreed she should pay her father a visit till the storm was blown over, and some arrangement had been made with my creditors."

Moore says: "He had been even driven by the necessity of encountering such demands, to the trying expedient of parting with his books, which circumstance coming to Mr. Murray's ears, that gentleman instantly forwarded to him 1500*l.*, with an assurance that another sum of the same amount should be at his service in a few weeks, and that if such assistance should not be sufficient, Mr. Murray was most ready to dispose of all his past copyrights for his use." This was two months before the separation, as appears from the date of his letter to Mr. Murray:—

"November, 14th, 1815.

"I return your bills not accepted, but certainly not *unhonoured*. Your present offer is a favour which I would accept from you, if I accepted such from any man. . . . The circum-

* "You tell me the world says I married Miss Milbanke for her fortune, because she was a great heiress. All I have ever received, or am likely to receive (and that has been twice paid back too), was 10,000*l.*" (Byron to Medwin). When her fortune came into possession by the death of her mother in 1822, the division of the income was left to arbitrators, Lord Byron being represented by Sir Francis Burdett.

† Galt's "Life of Byron," ch. 29.

stances which induce me to part with my books, though sufficiently, are not immediately pressing."

He was subsequently compelled to part with them; and if any account was settled out of his wife's fortune, it would have been this. On March 6th, 1816, in the third month from the separation, he writes to Mr. Murray:—

"I sent to you to-day for this reason; the books you purchased are again seized, and, as matters stand, had much better be sold at once by public auction. . . . This is about the tenth execution in as many months, so I am pretty well hardened; but it is fit I should pay the forfeit of my forefathers' extravagance and my own."

Did it ever occur to Mrs. Beecher Stowe that very strong language may be applied to people who, when reputation is at stake, are guilty of inaccuracy upon inaccuracy, which moderate attention would prevent? There is an amount of negligence which the English law holds tantamount to fraud. Even if Lady Byron told her that the ten executions happened in her time, and were settled out of her money, she should have verified the statement before adopting it.

The improbabilities of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's drama thicken with the plot, and culminate in the catastrophe. After quoting and mis-describing Lady Byron's "Remarks" of 1830, which she calls a letter, she goes on:—

"Nothing more than this letter from Lady Byron is necessary to substantiate the fact that she did not *leave* her husband, but was *driven* from him,—driven from him that he might follow out the guilty infatuation that was consuming him, without being tortured by her imploring face and by the silent power of her presence and her prayers in his house.

"For a long time before this she had seen little of him. On the day of her departure she passed by the door of his room, and stopped to caress his favourite spaniel which was lying there; and she confessed to a friend the weakness of feeling a willingness even to be something as humble as that poor little creature, might she only be allowed to remain and watch over him. She went into the room where he and the partner of his sins were sitting together, and said, 'Byron, I come to say good-bye,' offering at the same time her hand.

"Lord Byron put his hands behind him, retreated to the mantel-piece, and looking round on the two that stood there, with a sarcastic smile said, 'When shall we three meet again?'

"Lady Byron answered: 'In heaven, I trust.' And those were her last words to him on earth."

It is wonderful that even a sensational novelist should risk her reputation upon

such incongruities. Intending to endow her heroine with all human, and some super-human, virtues, she has forgotten a quality essential to the true dignity of the sex. She has forgotten to endow her with self-respect. To represent her living for years or months on the same footing with Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh, after the disclosure or discovery, or so much as tolerating Mrs. Leigh under her roof, was bad enough in all conscience, but to introduce her seeking them out to take a kindly farewell and give them a rendezvous in heaven, would excite contempt if it did not inspire incredulity. The scene is a moral impossibility.

Again, in one paragraph it is stated that the reaction of society broke up the guilty intrigue: in another, that Lady Byron made it a condition that the unhappy partner of his sins should not follow him out of England, and that the ruinous intrigue should be given up. The fact is, nothing existing was broken or given up at all; there was never a thought of Mrs. Leigh's leaving England with or without him: but she remained with him at Lady Byron's request, and their correspondence (as we have shown) continued unaltered till his death, and his tenderest verses were addressed to her, when, according to Mrs. Beecher Stowe's theory, "Oh, no, we never mention her," should and would have been the burthen of his song. The time for making the one condition (which never was made) was when the revelation came "in a manner which left no room for doubt."

"She had him in her power, and he stood at her mercy!" Yet it was he who turned her out of doors, refused to take her proffered hand, kept the greater part of her fortune to himself, complained bitterly of her not speaking out, defied her, ridiculed her, insulted her, and by the frequency of his domestic revelations in prose and verse, provoked Curran's sarcasm, that "he wept for the press, and wiped his eyes with the public."

The audacity of misrepresentation cannot be pushed farther than in the following passage:—

"On his death-bed, it is well known that he called his confidential English servant to him, and said to him: 'Go to my wife and tell her. . . .'"

"Here followed twenty minutes of indistinct mutterings, in which the name of his wife, daughter, and sister frequently occurred. Suddenly he turned and said: 'You will tell her all this—have you written it down?'"

"My Lord," said his attendant, "I really have not understood a word you have been saying."

"O God!" said the dying man; "then it is too late!" and he never spoke more."

The authentic report, Fletcher's, runs thus:—

"On the same day, when he knew that he was dying, he was most anxious to make Fletcher, his old servant, understand his last wishes. The servant asked whether he should bring pen and paper to take down his words. 'Oh, no,' he said, 'it is now nearly over. Go to my sister—tell her. Go to Lady Byron; you will see her, and say——' His voice faltered, and he continued to mutter to himself for nearly twenty minutes with much earnestness of manner, but in such a tone that only a few words could be distinguished. These, too, were only names: 'Augusta,' 'Ada,' 'Hobhouse,' 'Kinnaird.' He then said, 'Now I have told you all.' 'My Lord,' said Fletcher, 'I have not understood a word your Lordship has been saying.' 'Not understand me?' exclaimed Byron, with a look of the utmost distress; 'what a pity! Then it is too late; all is over.' 'I hope not,' answered Fletcher; 'but the Lord's will be done.' 'Yes, not mine,' said Byron. He then tried to utter a few words, of which none were intelligible, except '*My sister—my child.*'"

Will Mrs. Beecher Stowe have the goodness to explain why "Go to my sister—tell her," the four names beginning with "Augusta," and his concluding words "My sister, my child," are suppressed? or why "You will tell her all this" is interpolated? except to make it appear that Lady Byron was the sole object of his dying thoughts—which she was not, nor even the principal object,—or to suggest (as would seem from what goes before in the Magazine) that the message to her expressed repentance for the crime which had separated them.

It is difficult to conceive anything more offensive or in worse taste than the paragraphs relating to Lady Lovelace, or the wretched cant by which what ought to be a plain narrative is defaced:—

"As a mother her (Lady Byron's) course was embarrassed by peculiar trials. Her daughter inherited from the father not only brilliant talents, but a restlessness and morbid sensibility which might be too surely traced to the storms and agitations of the period in which she was born. It was necessary to bring her up in ignorance of the true history of her mother's life, and the consequence was that she could not fully understand that mother. During her early girlhood, her career was a source of more anxiety than of comfort."

In other words, Lady Byron did not get on much better with her daughter than with her husband or her eldest grandson, and for

the same reason. She could not understand characters so different from her own. The daughter learnt enough of the family history to come to the conclusion (which she decidedly expressed to Mr. Fonblanque) that the sole cause of the separation was incompatibility. It will not be forgotten that she was christened Augusta Ada. To proceed with Mrs. Beecher Stowe:—

"She (Ada) married a man of fashion, ran a brilliant course as a gay woman of fashion, and died early of a lingering and painful disease.

"In the silence and shaded retirement of the sick-room, the daughter came wholly back to her mother's arms and heart; and it was on that mother's bosom that she leaned, as she went down into the dark valley. It was that mother who placed her weak and dying hand in that of her Almighty Saviour.

"To the children left by her daughter she ministered with the faithfulness of a guardian angel, and it is owing to her influence that those who yet remain are some of the best and noblest of mankind.

"The person whose connexion with Lord Byron had been so disastrous, also, in the latter years of her life, felt *Lady Byron's gracious and loving influences*, was reformed and ennobled; and in her last sickness and dying hours looked to her for consolation and help.

"There was an unfortunate child of sin born with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Lady Byron watched with a mother's tenderness. She was the one who could have patience when the patience of every one else failed; and though the task was a difficult one, from the strange, abnormal propensities to evil in the subject of it, yet Lady Byron never faltered and never gave over, till death took the responsibility from her hands.*

"During all this trial, strange to say, her belief that the good in Lord Byron *would finally conquer* was unshaken.

"To a friend who said to her, 'Oh, how could you love him?' she answered briefly, 'My dear, there was the angel in him,'—it is in us all. It was in this angel that she had faith."

And a very odd faith it was! What is meant (forty years after Byron's death) by "would finally conquer," unless she believed in purgatory, or in the Manichean doctrine, and assumed that the struggle was still pending between the good angel and the evil one? The spirit of evil would appear to have had uniformly the best of it, so far as all nearest in blood to him were concerned, unless and until Lady Byron came to the rescue with the Ithuriel spear of her purity; and even the memory of

poor Mrs. Leigh (who died, as she had lived, unconscious of guilt, with her family and friends about her) must perforce be stained by the posthumous calumny of having been "reformed and ennobled by the gracious and loving influences" of her calumniator; who, before she was well cold in her grave, industriously circulated the calumny, and finally supplied the most damning version of it to an American novelist to be dished up, seasoned, envenomed, and trumpeted to the world!

These extra-pious people, with their spiritualism, their "salvation made easy," and their intrusiveness at death-beds, must have an odd notion of "gracious and loving influences." They remind us of Isaac Walton and the frog, when they treat their alleged converts, their sinners saved, "tenderly as if they loved them." They worry you when dying, and bel you when dead. They believe the worst of you in this world, and hope the best for you in the next. They fix a stigma upon your name, cast a reflected disgrace on your family, and pray for your soul.

Lady Byron certainly never had occasion to try her gracious and loving influences on Mrs. Leigh; and if she gave Mrs. Beecher Stowe to believe as much, it was another of those delusions which are most charitably accounted for by monomania. It is because she had many good qualities and did some good in her generation, that we are driven to this excuse for her. Her mind was not a weak one, but she had impaired it by religious speculations beyond her reach, and by long brooding over her trials, involving some real, and many imaginary wrongs.

A mad world, my masters! Lady Byron could at first account for her gifted husband's conduct on no hypothesis but insanity; and now, by a sort of Nemesis, there is no other hypothesis on which the moralist can charitably account for hers. But there is this marked difference in their maladies: he morbidly exaggerated his vices, and she her virtues; his monomania lay in being an impossible sinner, and hers in being an impossible saint. He was the faulty, and she the faultless, monster the world never knew. He in his mad moods did his best to blacken his own reputation, whilst her self-delusions invariably tended to damage the characters of all that were nearest and should have been dearest to her. Which was the more dangerous or less amiable delusion of the two?

We are not surprised to learn that Mrs. Beecher Stowe's triumphant reply, announced for November, has been indefinitely postponed; for we do not see how

* As the child was not what the context may suggest, and as the child to do with the story, this paragraph is to the last degree wanton and cruel; as every one who knows who that child was must feel.

(independently of Lady Byron's letters to Mrs. Leigh) she is to better her case, except in the very suspicious manner in which Lady Byron bettered hers, to the entire contentment of Dr. Lushington — by bringing up a reserve. Her wisest course would be deep contrition and apology. Neither do we see how any of the minor or incidental charges are to be confirmed. The only remaining sources of information, or confirmation, are the "paper containing a brief memorandum of the whole, with the dates affixed;" the paper bequeathed to the three trustees by Lady Byron; the letters and documents in the possession of her grandchildren; and (last not least) Dr. Lushington. If they tell a different story, they will not help the case: if they tell one and the same, they still, one and all, depend exclusively on the testimony, oral or written, of one shifting and mutable witness — *varium et mutabile semper*. In an Indian mythology, the elephant supports the earth, and the tortoise supports the elephant, but what supports the tortoise? It rests on empty space, on vagueness and hollowness. With regard to persons who reject evidence altogether, and contend that a man is guilty of a given crime because they think him capable of anything, it is simply impossible to argue with them. They forget, moreover, that two persons, (one of stainless reputation) are involved.

If the editor, who played the part of literary Barnum to Mrs. Beecher Stowe in this country, had not been over-eager to certify her originality and authenticity, he would have been startled by her opening sentences: —

"The reading world has lately been presented with a book,* which we are informed by the trade sells rapidly, and appears to meet with universal favour.

"The subject of the book may be thus briefly stated. The mistress of Lord Byron comes before the world for the sake of vindicating his fame from slanders and aspersions cast on him by his wife."

The trade know better: the book has not sold rapidly, and instead of meeting with

universal favour, has met with mingled censure, indifference, and neglect. The subject (meaning, object) is equally misstated. The "mistress" of Lord Byron does not come before the world for the sake of vindicating his fame from slanders and aspersions cast upon him by his wife: unless Mrs. Beecher Stowe wishes to imply that all the slanders and aspersions cast on him come from that quarter.

The book, divided into twenty-five chapters, contains 912 pages. A single chapter of the second volume (Ch. 12), headed "Lord Byron's Marriage and its Consequences" (containing 57 pages), is devoted to his vindication in the character of a husband: it is little more than an amplification of Moore's remarks on the same subject, and comprises nothing but what was strictly necessary for his defence, which she rests, with Moore, on incompatibility.

What checked the circulation of her book was its prolixity, with its want of freshness and originality. Though not devoid of value and interest from the personal reminiscences interspersed, it disappointed the public; it repelled, instead of attracting, readers, which we regret; for she has brought together ample evidence that Lord Byron — if not the paragon of perfection he appeared to her — was largely endowed with many fine and noble qualities which it has been too much the fashion to deny to him. He died in the sustained conviction that the time would come when full justice would be done. That time has come, suddenly and unexpectedly, accelerated by the attempt to thrust him down into the lowest abyss of infamy. There are charges so damning that they compel inquiry; so shocking that people instinctively lay aside their partialities and prejudices to investigate them; and the public mind recovers its balance as men intoxicated are sometimes stunned into sobriety. The charge against Lord Byron, as reproduced by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, was of this nature and intensity. Dragged by her from the murky twilight of insinuation and suspicion into the broad light of day, it has been tested and found wanting in every element of probability and truth. The result no longer admits of doubt. Let her reiterate it, if she thinks proper; let her misstate, misquote, misunderstand, misrepresent as she will: long before the year closes, her true story will be almost universally pronounced a false story, and be flung aside with loathing and contempt.

* "My Recollections of Lord Byron, and those of Eye Witnesses of his Life;" in two volumes, 1869: certified by the publisher as "the production of the celebrated Countess Guiccioli." This book, which originally appeared in French, had the advantage of an excellent translator in Mr. Hubert Jennings, of the British Embassy at Paris. Any undue influence exercised by it was more than neutralized by an article of remarkable power and brilliancy from a female pen in the "Times."

From The Spectator.
ITALIAN INDUSTRY.

It is hard for the Englishman who traverses the Italy of to-day, and observes her people with unprejudiced eyes, to doubt that she must at no distant period regain much of her ancient riches. The elements of wealth are there in such abundance. We do not speak of her soil, although that of France is beside it but an ungenerous one, for some of the richest soils in the world belong to poverty-stricken races, and the owners of Australasia never accumulated a month's supply of food. Nor do we speak of what are called "natural resources," the mines and quarries and fruits and cereals in which Italy is so rich, for countries like India and Peru, which contain all the world contains, have often been filled with populations poor to hunger, and the lavishness of nature too often seems to paralyze the energy of man. We speak of a source of wealth which we have often heard mentioned by shrewd Italians, and have recently watched closely for ourselves, the rare industrial faculty of the Italian people, a faculty which, once put forth as it is now being put forth, must result in great accumulations. The prejudice of Englishmen as to the laziness of Italians is a prejudice merely, though it is one not very hard to understand. The aristocracy was till lately indolent in the extreme, and the well-to-do middle-class is so still. Cut off by their foreign oppressors from all careers, except those connected with the Church or the public service, driven from commerce by ridiculous tariffs, habituated to economy, and full of that sense of enjoyment in existence which is felt to content only by the men of the South, and by them only when nature is visibly gracious — Arabs, Bengalees, and Peruvians, for example, are at heart melancholy people — the Italians with a little took to sauntering, to intrigue, and to half-humorous, half-satirical gossip, led lives without purpose or interest, and found in the absence of cares compensation for their neglect of duties. For the most part, the well-to-do lead those lives still, though a new crave for wealth, and indeed a new necessity for it, is gradually driving them out of their easy groove. Then the shop-life of which the foreigner sees so much was, and in a less degree is, an apparently indolent one; Italians, like Turks, and, indeed, all Asiatics except the Chinese, "keeping shop" mainly with their heads, leaving work, as we regard it, to subordinates, and doing most even of their book-work after hours or in the early morning. Finally, the restrictions placed upon enterprise were

so severe that it languished or died — in Naples, for example, during two generations there was but one investment for capital, State bonds, which rose, consequently, to 120 — and work was almost unprocureable, or when procured was paid for at rates which made industry seem a waste of time. It was pleasanter to lounge, or beg, or work sharply an hour a day, and very nearly as profitable; and the Italian, who has no instinctive impatience of doing nothing, and whose eyes, wherever he turns, are satisfied with beauty, accepted the fate which seemed to him at once unavoidable and endurable. He was aided by a temperance which is a wonder and almost a ridicule to men of the more exacting North, and which, if we read Roman stories right, must at some time have been forced on him by necessity. With food cheaper than it is anywhere in Europe — a Florentine, for example, can be well fed on fourpence a day — no Tuscan ever eats quite enough for health, and with wine almost for the asking, no Italian out of one or two occupations ever drinks. There was no necessity for labour, and no reward for it, and the Italian is not an Englishman or a Chinese, to work for work's sake. Even then, however, agricultural labour went on, and the cultivator contrived, by marvellous industry, to extract a crop so good that he could pay half to the owner yet leave himself a sufficient subsistence, terraced the hills, and — first cause of his beautiful climate — incessantly replanted the plains. In Italy alone the small culture has not swept away the trees, for the trees produce the rent.

Work came at last with the revival of enterprise, remunerative work, work with wages, and the Italian, after his siesta of centuries, took to it with his old activity, and his old power of making the brain aid the hand. Everywhere the loungers without money disappeared. Milan, Florence, Ancona, Leghorn, Genoa are as busy as Northern capitals; and Naples, the city of the Lazzaroni, is a hive of workmen, who, though they still sleep in the heat, work on tirelessly from five till noon and from two till five at their occupations, and then again at home far into the night, work with a will and an energy equal to that of any ordinary artisans, though inferior, no doubt, to that of English navvies.

Strange to say, too, the great curse of all Southern people — want of fidelity to their work — is little felt in Italy. The men take a pride, as of artists, in their labour, need little superintendence, and, as a rule, always do the very best, if not the

very utmost, they can, and their best is very good. As builders they are unapproachable, by the testimony even of English engineers, while they display, wherever they get the chance, the faculties wanting to English workmen of all trades, innate taste and capacity for invention. M. Haussmann has had to import Italian workmen for his opera-house, and wherever anything beyond industry is needed, wherever the workmen are required to be originators, they are at once forthcoming. Given a trade like the silversmith's, or the pearl-caster's, or any one demanding either an artist's eye or a special sleight-of-hand, and six weeks' instruction suffices to secure men whose touch is in its way as perfect as that of a great sculptor. The result we hope to attain by technical education, and art schools and cultivation generally, has been attained in Italy without effort. Duties can there be entrusted to labourers which in England could be assigned only to the cultivated. In Venice, Salviati's foremen are men of genius. In Florence, men who cannot read are moulding the stone ornamentation for palaces. In Leghorn and Ancona, the shipyards are full of men in blouses who could plan a ship as well as the engineers who employ them. Common carpenters turn out wood carvings which make English connoisseurs stare, at prices which might make philanthropists wince. The workmen in this trade display a positive genius for furniture which will yet make it an important trade, were only foreign carriage more speedy and less expensive. In every branch of manufacture in which something is required beyond organization and machine-like industry, English capitalists may find in Italy an endless supply of labour such as they can discover nowhere else. A factory for shirrings would not pay, but a factory for the costliest velvets, the finest china, the most elaborate decorations, the most delicate instruments, would. The slightest cultivation would make Italian workmen the first in the world, as they were in the middle ages, and the cultivation is at hand. In the cities a passion for instruction has broken out, and in North and Central Italy the communes are meeting the demand most nobly, the single want being an adequate supply of teachers. In some towns the adults are thronging to night-schools, as in Venice, where even the gondoliers are learning to read; and Florence, where unskilled labourers, cabmen, masons' assistants, and the like give two hours of their rest to learn to read and write, and record the calculations which even in the unlettered days they could always make. It needs

but time and quiet to make education as universal in Italian cities as in Prussia; to make it a shame to be ignorant, a shame under which the children already wince, and there will be quiet. There is a new life among the people, and with it a new habit of order. Some observers who have watched them closely say that a spirit of democracy of the restless rather than of the old proud kind is spreading, that the lower class begins to manifest something of French envy of the rich; but the order of the cities is something marvellous, and violent crime, with one exception, unknown. Milan, Venice, and Florence are safer than London. Stabbing, unfortunately, is still frequent, partly because an Italian always expresses jealousy in that way, partly because in his long-taught distrust of the civil law he has learned to consider the knife the only redresser of a pecuniary wrong. It is doubtful if he strikes as often as the Englishman, but then his blow is fatal. To smash in an adversary's face and head, as an infuriated Englishman does, and yet spare life, would strike an Italian as an exquisite brutality worthy of lynching; but there is not the same horror of a blow with the fatal but brutal steel. The practice is dying away, however, in the North—Brescia excepted—and if the Courts were a little cheaper and quicker, if there were some means of redress against an official, and if the law against murder were executed like a law of nature, assassination would gradually become an offence of the past, as bravism—as assassination for hire—already is. North of the Roman States, stealing, except by an exercise of his intellect, is not an Italian vice; and even in Naples, the police, three times as numerous and as active as in any other city, is gaining ground upon the badly disposed, whose greatest protection now is the distrust of authority, the tacit combination to protect all whom it attacks, which in Naples, as in Ireland, has been fostered by generations of legal injustice. Naples is still unsafe by night, but it is much to have triumphed by day. The real spirit of the people, their genuine instinct, is better shown by an incident for which we may, we believe, absolutely vouch. The King is convinced that soldiers are best made in great camps, and this year some forty thousand men were collected in a plain some miles from Florence. It was before the vintage, the plain was full of peasants, and to conciliate them they were promised full compensation for all damage done by the soldiers. They were even urged to send in claims, and they showed no hesitation, but the total amount, as estimated by them-

selves, was less than 400 francs. The soldiers had wandered at will among the fields, then most tempting; had been encamped under the walls of the little farms, had been six weeks with the villages, as it were, at their mercy, and had done less harm than guests would.

The defect of the Italian as an industrial is a certain sluttishness as to his work wherever his artistic taste is not aroused. That which need not be beautiful is done badly. In the whole peninsula South of Turin there is not a morsel of butter fit to eat. There are the great, sleek, grey cows that would delight equally Landseer or McCombie; there is the milk, and there is the apparatus; but there is not the last little touch of cleanliness which would turn out the butter in an appetizing shape. It is the same with wine. Italy could this year be flooded with her own grape-juice; there never was such a crop, and one-third at least of the wine obtained would, in French hands, fetch its price, indeed great quantities do reach Bordeaux, there to be "improved" into claret; but the Italian cannot as yet be persuaded that nature even in Italy will not do the whole of man's work for him. The Minister of Agriculture, Minghetti, is devoting his whole energy to this subject, asserting what

is, we believe, literally true, that if Italian wine could only be brought up to the French level, the difference in value would exceed the whole public expenditure of Italy, but as yet he has only converted some great landlords. Half the cities are spoiled for want of penn'orths of plaster, and the workman who will spend hours in perfecting the curve of a moulding will not spend five minutes in keeping his tools up to the maker's mark, will hardly take his saws out of the rain. It is curious that precisely the same charge was once alleged, and truly, against a race whose industry has never been questioned, the Scotch, who have contrived more or less to free themselves from the reproach. The evil will be slow of cure in Italy, where content rises into a vice; but it will be cured with the desire for more money, which, with rising prices, a higher standard of comfort, more education, and incessant intercourse with the North, is penetrating every grade of Italian society. Competence by the village standard is poverty by the standard of the capital, and north of the Roman States all Italy is in motion. Twenty years hence there will not be a grown man who has not seen the sea. Ten years ago not one in a hundred had ever passed the boundary of his commune.

An important historical work has just been issued in Berlin. It is a complete collection of authentic documents concerning the religious questions which now so much engage the attention of the public, and are to be decided by the approaching Ecumenical Council. The work comprises Bulls, encyclicals, apostolic and pastoral letters, besides other important papers emanating partly from the Holy See, partly from members of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, from the year 1846 up to the present day. Among these are the Syllabus, the Encyclical *Qui pluribus*, the two Bulls *Ineffabilis Deus* and *Quod jam pridem*, the apostolical brief addressed to the Protestants and Non-Catholics, the letter of the Pope to the Archbishop of Westminster, &c. Every document proceeding from the Court of Rome is printed in two columns, one of them containing the Latin text and the other a German translation.

The book also contains a selection of political documents referring either to the convocation of the council or to the different subjects of its future deliberations, such as the circular despatch of the Cabinet of Munich, the Austrian despatch of 15th May last, the discourse of the French minister, M. Baroche, in the *Corps Législatif* on the 10th July, 1868, &c. The appendix con-

tains the address of the laity of Bonn, with the reply of the Archbishop of Cologne.

The *North-German Correspondent* says: "This repertory, which is so opportunely presented to the public, may be consulted with advantage by all who feel an interest in the great event, so important to the Catholic Church, which is now almost before our doors, as well as in the serious questions which it cannot fail to raise not only in the religions but likewise in the political world."

CHLORAL. — Dr. Liebreich's new anæsthetic "chloral," which has made such a stir in the medical world, differs from substances hitherto used for producing insensibility, in that it is administered subcutaneously instead of by inhalation. Experiments which have been tried on rabbits were perfectly satisfactory, producing a death-like sleep for eight or ten hours' duration, while none of the after effects usually attending the administration of anæsthetics were noticed, the animals partaking of food immediately and freely on regaining consciousness.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
LATTER-DAY DOLLS.

Is it not a sign of the times that a fashion has set in for the most sumptuous and elaborate wax dolls? Little ladies, following the instinct which made them nurse their toys long ago, used to be content with a very simple and candid effigy indeed. The toilette of the doll then was generally left to the taste of the owner; and it was supposed in itself to be a sort of liberal education in the fine art of millinery to devise garments for the figure which, from the neck downwards, was composed of honest cotton stuffed with sawdust. But the doll, like the legitimate drama, and some other things, has sadly declined from primitive simplicity. She has now become a *grande demoiselle*, with a chignon, high-heeled, brass-tipped boots, and an eye-glass. She is endowed with parts of speech. On being squeezed round the waist she raises her eye-glass in the correct mode and barks; the organ of language inside her girdle being as yet imperfectly developed. A gentle pressure which may be surreptitiously exercised in the palm of her hand causes her to arch her eyebrows in the most natural way in the world. She has not to put up with the makeshift limbs peculiar to the species. She is real wax from head to foot, and is as anatomical as an ordinary statuette. The doll artist does not stop here. He has gone further and devised handsome young gentlemen for the young ladies to play with. Perfect ducks of boys with knickerbockers and curly wigs and red lips, sailors, highlanders, and the like, are displayed for choice, and are desired almost as much as the female poppets. Then, again, we have whole babies of full size, and of a most disconcerting resemblance to life, constructed for the amusement of the young. In one shop may be seen a round dozen of infants quite equal to anything that *Mdme. Tus-saud's* connections could turn out, and infants of a plump quality put forward in a manner horribly suggestive to an imaginative mind of the sort of eating-wigwam or dining-house that might exist among cannibal Indians. By means of a simple piece of string these children can be made to cry

and move their legs and arms, while the appropriate bassinet can also be purchased on the premises. The *Saturday Review* should look to this. An early familiarity with French manikins (the male dolls are, we believe, imported from Paris) must tend to give an unwholesome impulse to the craving of the sex for flirtation. Is it good for our children to familiarize them with the garnishing, and the fixed airs of the fast girl? A deal of neat satire might be made out of these points, but, seriously, it is a pity to mark the decay of simpletonianism, even in the fashion of dolls. The notion of making them large and elaborate is monstrous and ghastly, there being nothing on this side the grave more unpleasant than the dead-alive gape, stare, and hue of the lumpish simulacrum of a wax show. The confidences of a child with dolly must be broken and spoiled completely when the plaything either frightens or imposes upon the child's fancy. The mannikin and the Brobdignagian infant ought to be banished from the toy-shops altogether. The former is to be detested not only upon social grounds, but on the grounds of expense, and for having, to a certain extent, put our ancient friend Jack-in-the-box out of countenance. What between the superb dolls of both sexes, Siamese links, chemical serpents, and the rest of it, Jack's place knows him no more, and this is to be regretted. The element of surprise, the one trick which Jack had in him, would be of more recreative service to small folk than the modish marionettes, or the ingenious snakes and "sells" which tend to make their patrons wise or foolish before their time; but we are afraid we plead in vain for Jack, and for the doll of rags and bran. Noah's ark itself has fallen into contempt with most young people. We can remember when this ark, with its contents (including Japhet), was taken for granted as a thing for belief and enjoyment by children generally; now there is almost a taint of Biblical criticism, or what resembles it, born with the rising generation; and nothing will do for them but microscopes, and dolls that ape humanity with a certain ironical truth.